

OCTOBER

No. 6

10¢

CRACK COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP



THE CLOCK



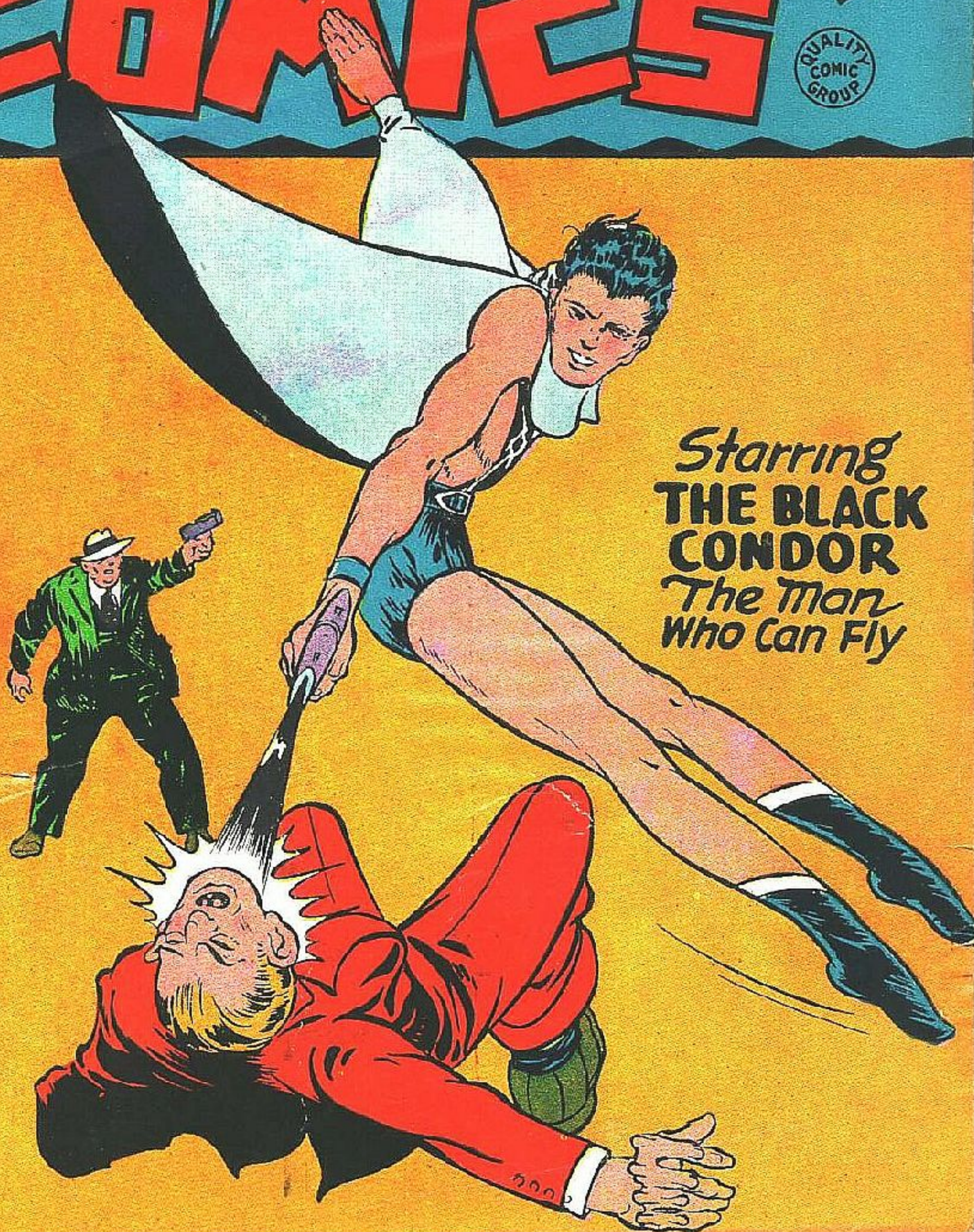
JANE ARDEN



ALIAS THE SPIDER



NED BRANT



Starring
**THE BLACK
CONDOR**
*The Man
Who Can Fly*



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

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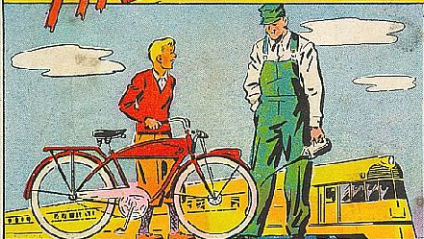


NED BRANT

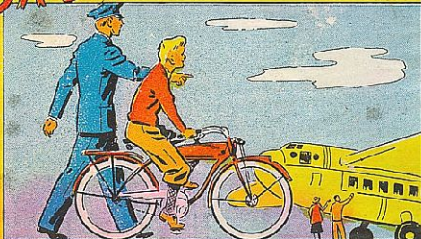


Starring
**THE BLACK
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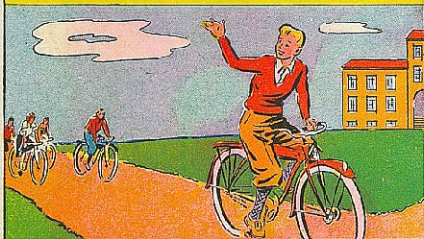
THE SUPER BIKE FOR SUPER BOYS!



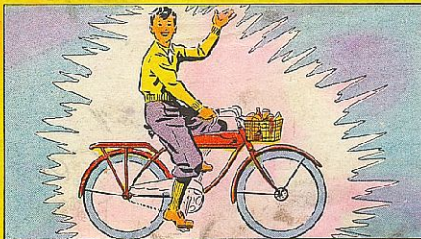
I'm proud of my pal, Uncle Joe;
It's speed and strength we like.
That's why he runs a streamlined train
And I ride a Schwinn-Built bike.



My cousin Harry flies the mail;
His plane is always ready.
He says it's like my Schwinn-Built bike—
So fast and smooth and steady.



Away to school on my Schwinn I go,
Breasing ahead of the rest,
As president of the cycle club
I know what like is best.



Off on my Schwinn for mother;
Picking up things for dad,
I'm the Minute Man of the family
And a strong and healthy lad.



Bring on all the bikes in the neighbor-
hood. Match them hub to hub. And
your Schwinn-Built bicycle will win
hands down every time.

Watch your friends' eyes pop when
you show them the Spring Fork that
changes riding to g-l-i-d-i-n-g . . . the
Fore Wheel Brake that brings you to
a full stop on a dime . . . the theft-
proof Cyclolock . . . rear expander brake
. . . and many other exclusive Schwinn
features.

Then let the gang stand back and
admire the surging grace and super
strength of America's *finest* bicycle . . .
the bike that's waiting to whisk you
to happy, healthy outdoor adventure.

Make a date with dad to see the
new Schwinn bikes at your dealer.

Write today for illustrated, free Schwinn bike booklet

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & COMPANY

1729 KILDARE AVENUE

CHICAGO

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THE BLACK CONDOR

BY KENNETH LEWIS



WHAT? IMPOSSIBLE!
BUT THE BAROMETER
IS HIGH! NO 'LOWS'
FOR 400 MILES!

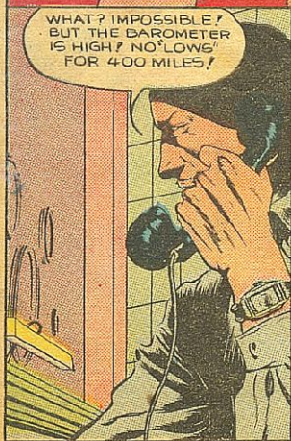
TERRIFIC THUNDER
STORMS REPORTED
COMING TOWARD THE
CITY! LIGHTNING HAS
STRUCK SEVERAL
BUILDINGS!

I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT!
THE CHARTS
DON'T....

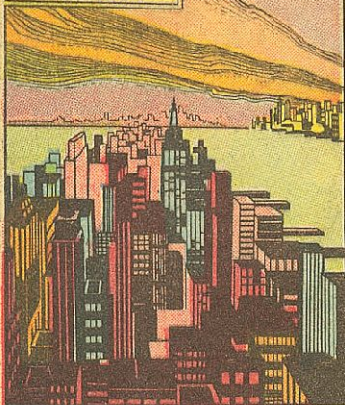
THE WEATHER MEN SCAN THE
HORIZONS FOR SIGNS OF THE
REPORTED STORM

WELL?

IT'S TRUE
LIGHTNING
FLASHES
COMING
THIS WAY!



FROM THE WEATHER BUREAU OVERLOOKING THE METROPOLIS, THE ASTONISHED MEN WATCH A STRANGE FORMATION APPROACHING ABOVE THE CLOUDS.



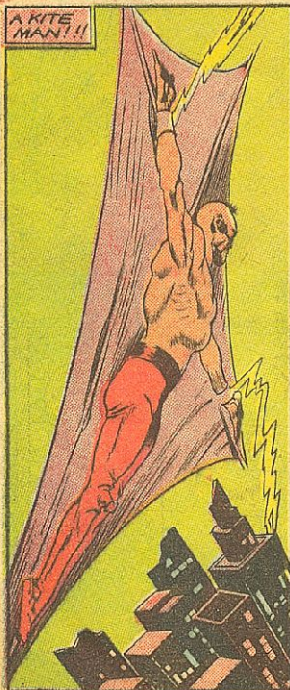
SUDDENLY ONE OF THE HIGHEST TOWERS IS SMASHED TO CRUMBLING RUINS BY A BLAST OF LIGHTNING.



THAT'S NO ORDINARY ELECTRIC STORM. THERE ARE SOME SORT OF KITES UP THERE, AND MAYBE I'M CRAZY, BUT THERE SEEM TO BE MEN ATTACHED TO THEM!



A KITE MAN!!!



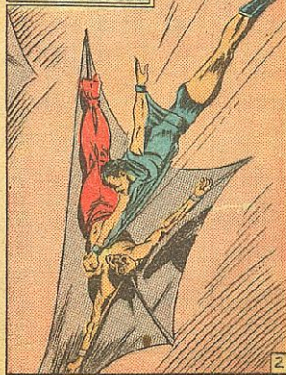
IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE BOARDING DEVILS TURN THE CITY INTO AN INFERNO OF DESTRUCTION.



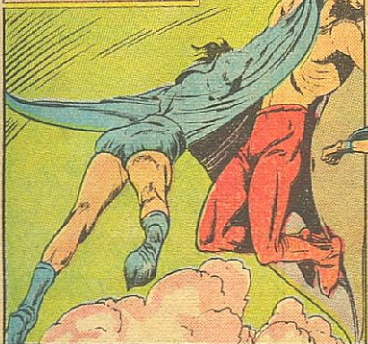
BUT UP FROM THE RUINS SWEEPS THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD ENDOWED WITH THE GIFT OF FLIGHT, THE BLACK CONDOR.



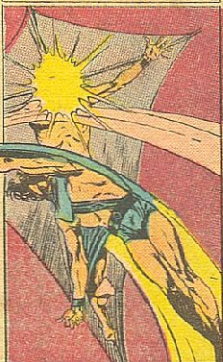
FIERCELY HE ATTACKS THE HUMAN KITES.



WITH BLOWS THAT MATCH THE THUNDERBOLTS, THE BLACK CONDOR WHIPS INTO THE GLIDING KITE MEN...



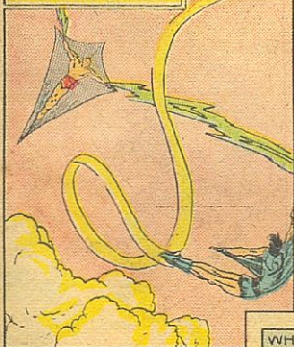
ONE AFTER ANOTHER THEY SUCCUMB TO HIS PUNISHING FISTS...



STRIKE HIM WITH A BOLT!



A FLASH OF MURDEROUS LIGHTNING STREAKS TOWARD THE FLYING MAN...



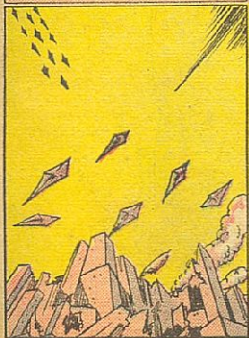
PRETENDING TO BE STRUCK, THE BLACK CONDOR PLUMMETS EARTHWARD...



BUT HIS RAY GUN IS READY FOR ACTION AS HE SWOOPS AMONG THE RUINS...



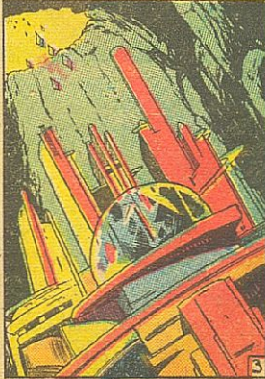
THE KITE MEN DIVIDE INTO TWO PARTIES. ONE DIVES INTO THE DESTROYED CITY TO ANNIHILATE ALL INHABITANTS...



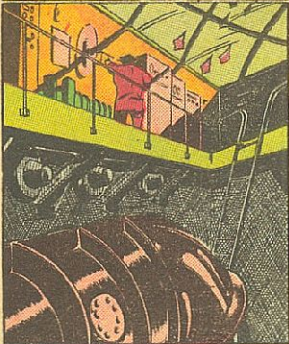
WHILE THE OTHERS SPEED ACROSS THE WILD, MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY...



TO A FANTASTIC CITY IN THE HEART OF A CRATER....



THERE IN A HUGE LABORATORY,
A LITTLE FIGURE BUSILY
OPERATES THE WIRELESS
THAT CONTROLS THE KITES.



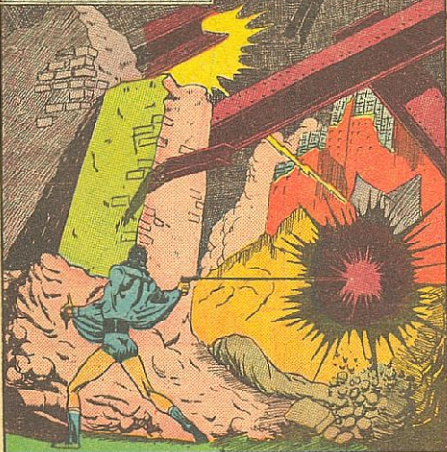
IT HAS BEGUN. YES!
THE INVASION IS
SUCCESSFUL!
HEH! HEH!



SOON THE MASTER AND
I, KARLO KLUG, WILL
BE RULERS OF THE
WORLD... WITH OUR
LIGHTNING AND
KITES!



MEANWHILE, AMID THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION, THE
BLACK CONDOR FEELS THE INVADING KITE MEN
WITH HIS BLACK RAY.



JUST ONE
LEFT, I'LL
GO AND
FOLLOW
HIM!



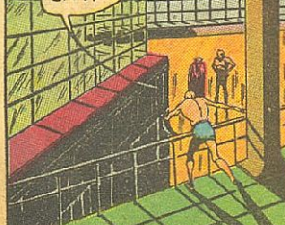
MAYBE HE'LL LEAD ME
TO SOMETHING
INTERESTING



THE REST
HAVE BEEN
KILLED...
I ALONE
ESCAPED



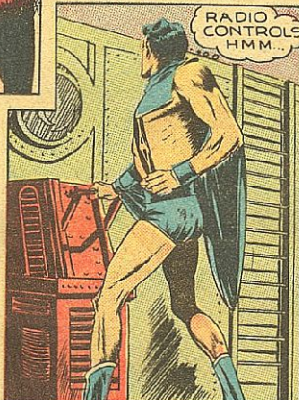
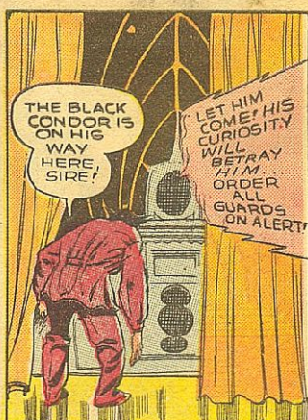
ONLY ONE
HAS RETURNED
FROM THE
CITY!



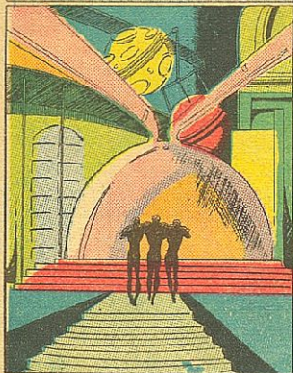
WHAT?
HOW?



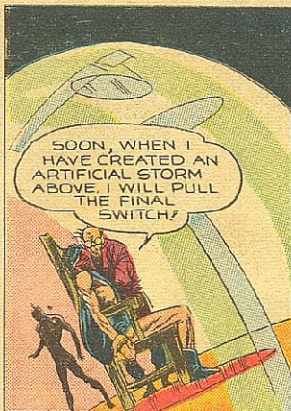
THE BLACK
CONDOR!!
I'M AFRAID
HE FOLLOWED
US HERE
HE MAY BE
WATCHING
US NOW!



A MAMMOTH GLASS DOME IS THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.



SOON, WHEN I HAVE CREATED AN ARTIFICIAL STORM ABOVE, I WILL PULL THE FINAL SWITCH!



AND AS THE LIGHTNING FLASHES, DOWN THROUGH THOSE TUBES, THE BLACK CONDOR WILL DIE!



THE STORM IS READY. NOW I MUST RECEIVE MY FINAL ORDERS FROM THE MASTER.

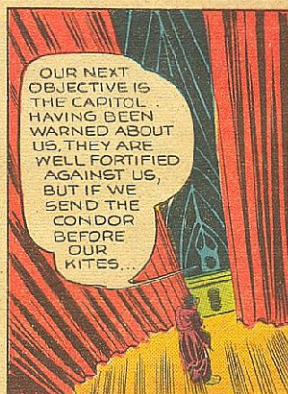


OH, SIRE, HE IS READY FOR THE ELECTROCUTION... SHALL I...?

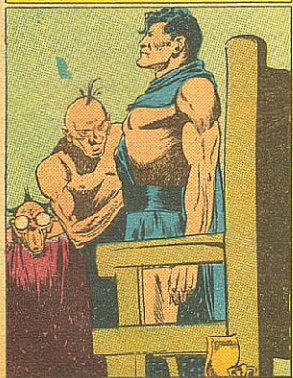
YOU FOOL! RELEASE HIM AT ONCE!



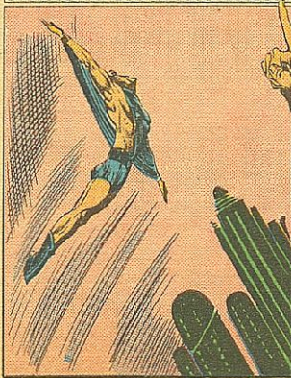
OUR NEXT OBJECTIVE IS THE CAPITOL. HAVING BEEN WARNED ABOUT US, THEY ARE WELL FORTIFIED AGAINST US, BUT IF WE SEND THE CONDOR BEFORE OUR KITES...



HIS WILL STILL BROKEN BY THE BLOW, THE CONDOR IS UNTIED



AND SENT ON HIS FLIGHT TO THE NEXT POINT OF INVASION.



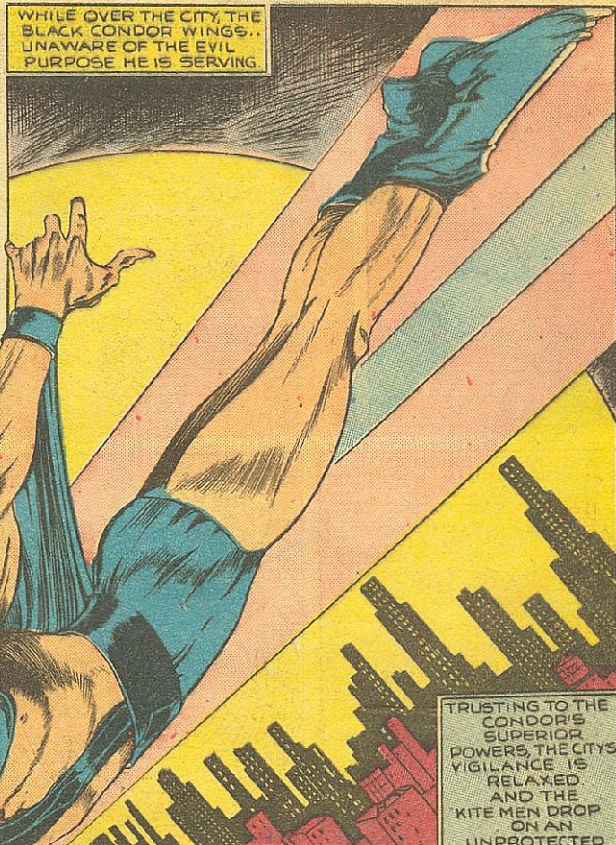
FOLLOW HIM, BUT KEEP WELL ABOVE THE CLOUDS!



THE KITE ARMY FLOATS ABOVE,
WELL HIDDEN BY THE CLOUDS

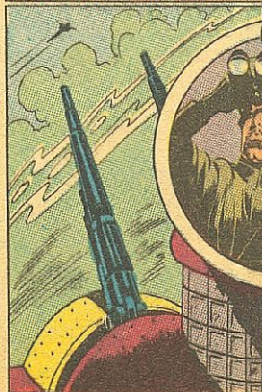


WHILE OVER THE CITY, THE
BLACK CONDOR WINGS...
UNWARE OF THE EVIL
PURPOSE HE IS SERVING

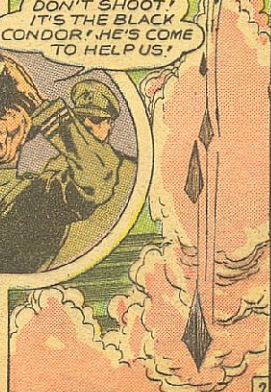


TRUSTING TO THE
CONDOR'S
SUPERIOR
POWERS, THE CITY'S
VIGILANCE IS
RELAXED
AND THE
KITE MEN DROP
ON AN
UNPROTECTED
CITY

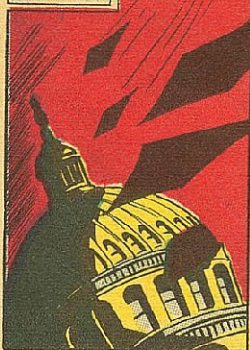
ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS ARE
TRAINED ON THE SKY



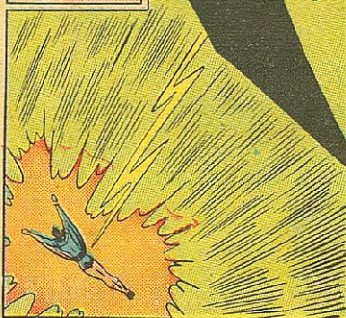
DON'T SHOOT!
IT'S THE BLACK
CONDOR! HE'S COME
TO HELP US!



DESTRUCTION RIDES IN
THEIR WAKE, AS THEY
FALL UPON THE
CAPITOL.



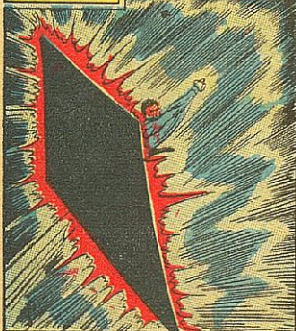
NO LONGER NECESSARY FOR
THEIR PLANS, THE BLACK CONDOR
BECOMES A "TARGET" FOR THE
KITE MEN'S
LIGHTNING
BOLTS.



STRUCK BY A BLAZING BOLT,
THE CONDOR IS JOLTED OUT
OF HIS STATE OF COMA, BUT
UNHARMED.



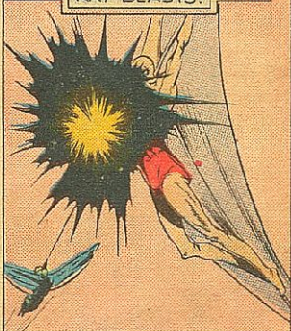
HE SLASHES FURIOUSLY TO
THE ATTACK, BUT A MAGNETIC
SCREEN NOW PROTECTS THE
KITE MEN.



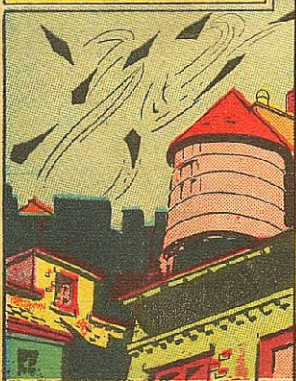
THE BLACK
RAY WILL
DESTROY
THAT!



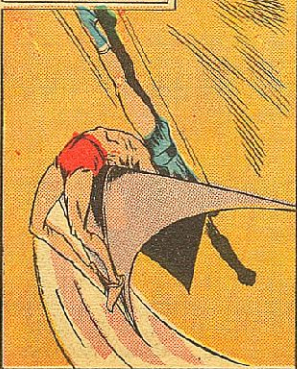
HIS ENEMY, BEREFT OF THE
SCREEN, GLIDE HELPLESSLY,
OPEN TO HIS WITHERING
RAY BLASTS.



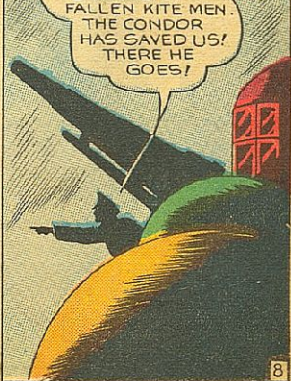
DESPERATELY THEY TRY TO
ESCAPE HIS ONSLAUGHT.



BUT SOON THE
LAST KITE MAN
IS DOWNED.



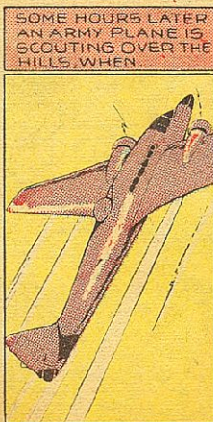
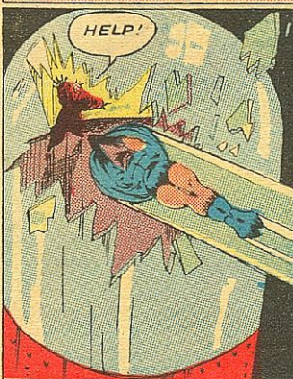
SEND OUT A SQUAD
TO ROUND UP
FALLEN KITE MEN.
THE CONDOR
HAS SAVED US!
THERE HE
GOES!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE CRATER CITY



THEN THE BLACK CONDOR CRASHES THROUGH



MOLLY THE MODEL



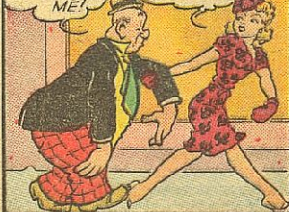
POP—GET UP—IT'S EIGHT O'CLOCK—YOU'VE HAD TWELVE HOURS SLEEP—WAKE UP!



LAST NIGHT YOU SAID THAT YOU WOULD COME DOWN-TOWN WITH ME THIS MORNING AND LOOK FOR A JOB—



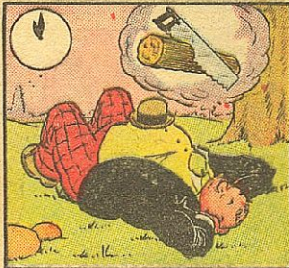
YOU DIDN'T HAVE T'POUR WATER ON ME! I THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO BLAST—C'MON!



JUST SO YOU DON'T WEAKEN AND GO BACK HOME TO BED, I'M TAKING YOUR DOORKEY—NOW START LOOKING FOR A JOB—G'BYE, POP!



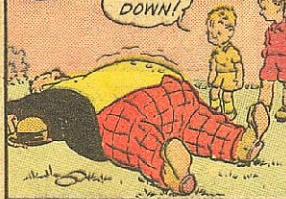
I'M UTTERLY EXHAUSTED—IN NO CONDITION TO SEEK EMPLOYMENT!



IS THIS THE ZOO, MOMMIE?



LOOKIT TH' WAY HIS BEL-ER-STUMMIK GOES UP AN' DOWN!



SHUCKS! A SHOWER—OH WELL, IT'S TIME T'GO HOME T' DINNER ANYWAY!



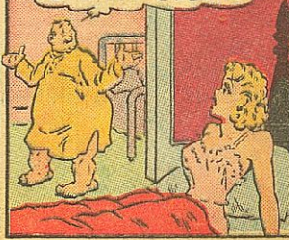
HEY, POP—WAKE UP—IT'S TIME T'GO TO BED!



...FORTY SIX, FORTY SEVEN, FORTY EIGHT...



I'VE GOT INSOMNIA, MOLLY—I CAN'T SLEEP!



MOLLY the MODEL

SEVEN THIRTY—DINNER'S ALL READY BUT POP IS PROBABLY DOWNTOWN GABBING WITH HIS CRONIES—I'M GOING TO TELL HIM OFF PROPER!



EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN, I MUST PHONE MY DAUGHTER TO TELL HER THAT I'LL BE A LITTLE LATE FOR DINNER!



SO, IT'S YOU—DO YOU KNOW I'VE HAD DINNER WAITING FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN MINUTES?

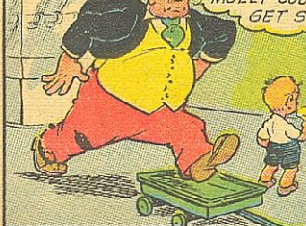


ER, EXCUSE ME, GENTS—I'M AFRAID I MUST LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!

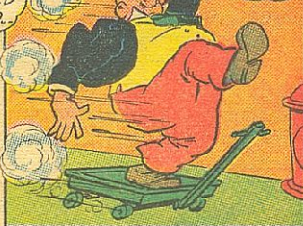


IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO COOK DINNER AND YOU DON'T EVEN—

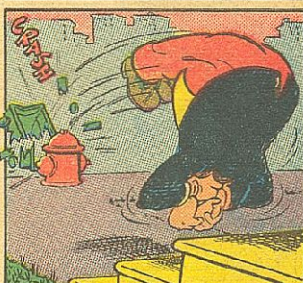
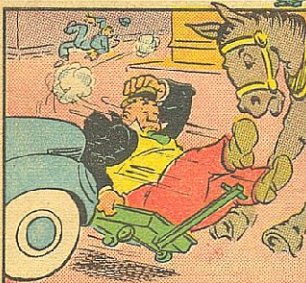
TSK TSK—I NEVER KNEW MOLLY COULD GET SO...



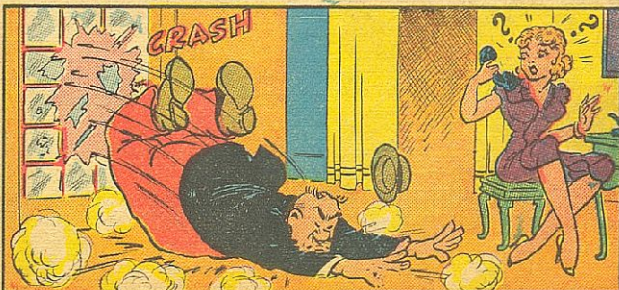
ANGRY—OOPS!

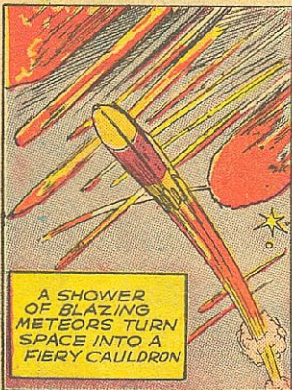
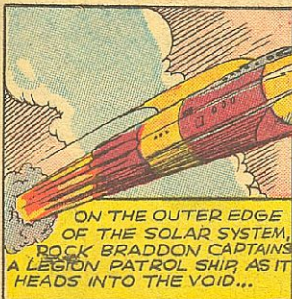
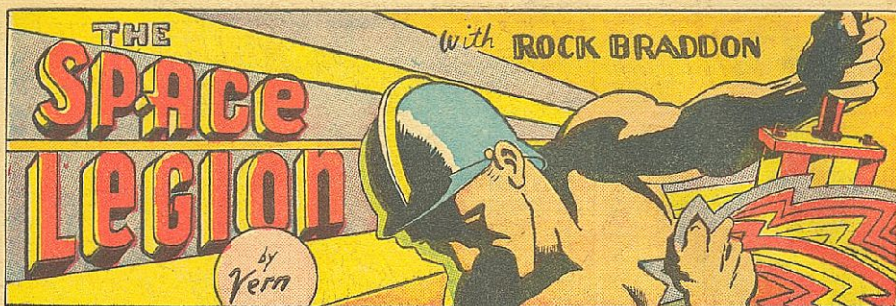


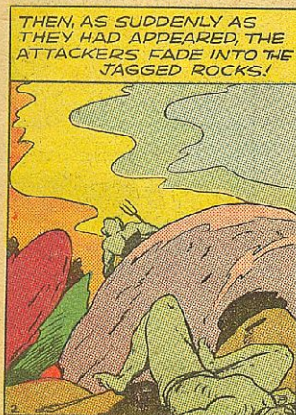
OH DEAR...



—AND I'M SICK OF COOKING MEALS THAT YOU DON'T SHOW UP TO EAT—NOW, YOU'D BETTER GET RIGHT HOME, OR I'LL—



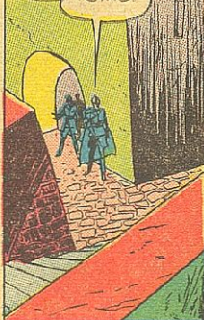




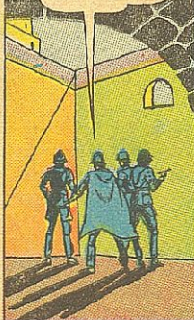
WE'VE GOT TO
MAKE FRIENDS
WITH THE PEOPLE
OF THIS
PLANET--
FOLLOW ME!



THE CITY IS IN
RUINS.. AND
QUIET AS A
TOMB!



OH..OH! A
BLANK WALL..
WE'LL HAVE TO
TURN BACK!



THEN SILENTLY, A HUGE
GATE SWINGS SHUT,
CUTTING OFF THEIR ESCAPE



QUICKLY A SCORE OF
ARMED MEN APPEAR ON
THE WALLS...



WHAT'S
THIS?

QUICK, MEN!
RUSH
THOSE
WALLS!

THE WELL TRAINED MEN
OF THE LEGION FORM A
HUMAN LADDER AT THE
BASE OF THE WALL...



HANG
ON,
BOYS!

ROCK IS CATAPULTED TO THE
TOP, WHERE HE
SEIZES ONE OF THE GUARDS...



TELL YOUR
MEN TO HOLD
THEIR FIRE!

UGH..
YES..
YES..
LET ME
DOWN!

WE COME AS FRIENDS
..WHY DO YOU ATTACK
US?



BUT.. WHO
ARE YOU?
SURELY NOT
OF THIS
WORLD!

WE ARE FROM THE
PLANET EARTH...



OUR
BARRIER
SHALL BE
WITHDRAWN
...YOU WILL
COME WITH
US TO OUR
GREAT
HALL!

IN THE GREAT HALL...



..OUR SHIP WAS
PULLED DOWN BY
STRONG FORCE...
AFTER BEATING OFF
AN ATTACK BY A
STRANGELY HIDEOUS
TRIBE WE CAME
HERE!

THE GREEN
MEN OF
HEMADES!

..THEY ARE A CRUEL
AND BARBARIC RACE
WHO HAVE LAID THIS
CITY TO WASTE...
KILLING MY PEOPLE,
UNTIL BUT A FEW
HUNDRED REMAIN..
WE ARE DOOMED TO
EXTINCTION!



SUDDENLY A WILD-EYED
GIRL DASHES INTO THE
ROOM...

SERL!

VALJAR! THE
GREEN MEN ARE
TUNNELING
UNDER THE CITY.
IT'S OUR
END!

THE END? NO! I
HAVE A SCORE TO
SETTLE WITH THE
GREEN MEN...WHERE
IS THIS TUNNEL?

COME
ON!

AT A BUILDING ENTRANCE..

THE END OF
THE SHAFT SHOULD
BE NEAR THIS
DWELLING!

O.K.
START
BLASTING!

JAGGED SMOKING CRATERS
PIT THE STREET AS ROCK
AND HIS MEN FRANTICALLY
SEEK THE TUNNEL WITH
BORING RAYS...

ROCK! HERE!
I'VE FOUND
IT!

NICE
GOING,
CURLY!

THROUGH THE HOLE THE
SPACE MEN SEE THE
GREEN MEN OF HEMADES
RUSHING IN THE DIRECTION
OF THE GREAT HALL!

GUARD THIS ENTRANCE
...I'M GOING BACK
TO THE SHIP!

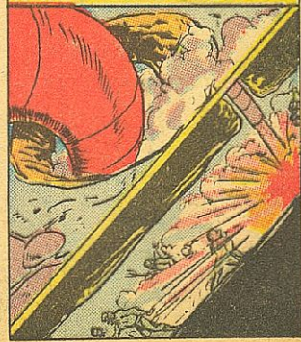
ROCK RETURNS TO THE
SPACE SHIP AND UNLOADS
A SECTION OF HUGE
FLEXIBLE TUBING...

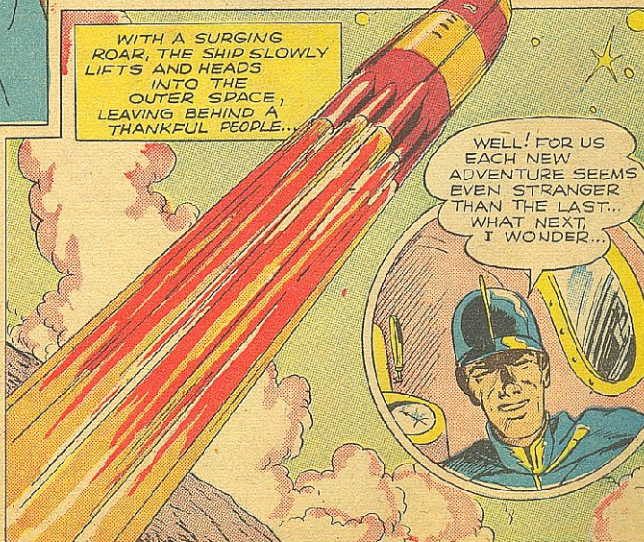
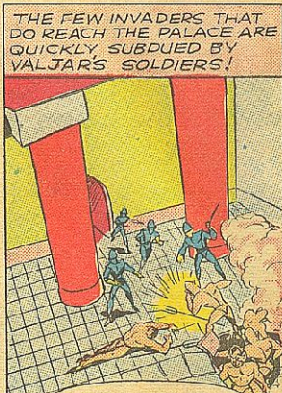
TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF
VALJAR, ROCK'S PLAN IS
PUT INTO EFFECT...

ROCKET BLASTS RIP
THROUGH THE TUNNEL,
SWEEPING THE GREEN MEN
TO DEATH LIKE FLIES!

COUPLE ONE END TO
THE TORP TUBE..
THEN FOLLOW ME!

THERE! THIS END
IS IN THE HOLE...
SIGNAL THE SHIP TO
LET'ER GO!





SNAPPY

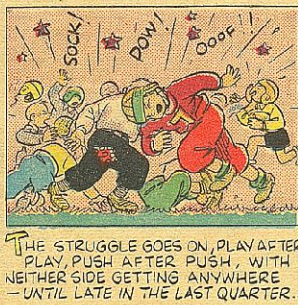
TWENTY-SEVEN-THIRTY SIX, FIFTY-

?

by
ARTHUR
BEEVANS

COME ON, TEAM!
THIS GANG SHOULDN'T
BE HARD TO TAKE
TODAY!

WE'LL
TEAR 'EM
APART!

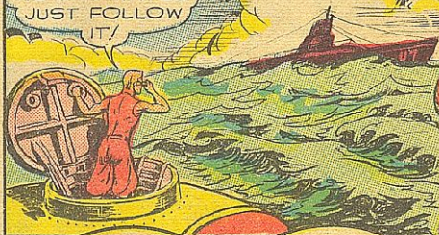




The RED TORPEDO

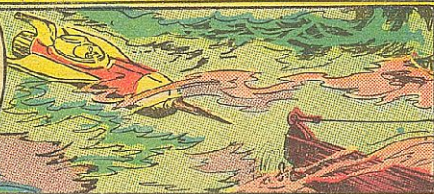
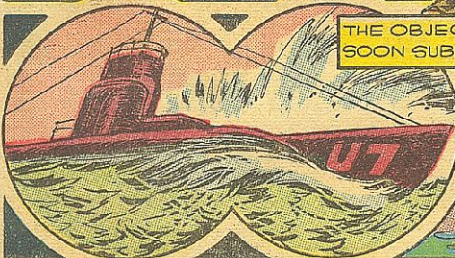
By
DREW
ALLEN

THAT'S A
SUSPICIOUS LOOK-
ING CRAFT... I'LL
JUST FOLLOW
IT!



EX-CAPTAIN IN THE U.S. NAVY, THE RED TORPEDO, HAS INVENTED A NAVIGABLE TORPEDO, THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON AFLOAT... MASKED AND MYSTERIOUS, HE SAILS THE SEAS, THE TERROR OF ALL MARITIME EVIL-DOERS... UNTIL HE BECOMES A VERITABLE ROBIN HOOD OF THE DEEP...

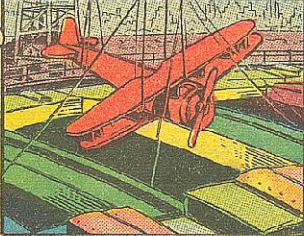
THE OBJECT OF THE RED TORPEDO'S CURIOSITY SOON SUBMERGES, BUT HE FOLLOWS CLOSELY...



THE CRAFT HAPPENS TO BE THE U-7, CARRYING A NEW SECRET WEAPON OF A DICTATOR, SEEKING WORLD POWER.

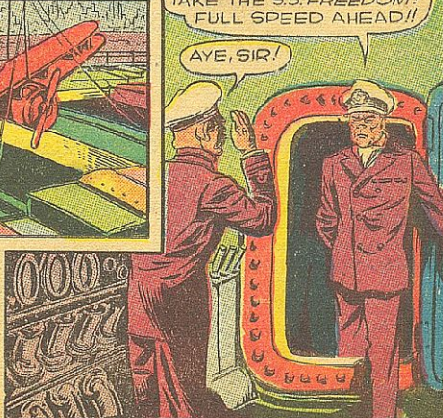
SEND WORD TO THE U-7. THE AMERICAN S.S. FREEDOM CARRIES A CARGO OF NEW PLANES. I WANT THEM INTACT!

YES, SIR!
I WILL CON-
TACT THE U-7
AT ONCE!

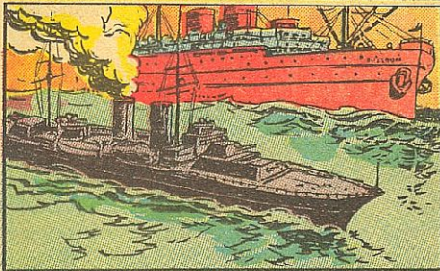


WORD HAS JUST COME! FROM THE ADMIRALTY TO TAKE THE S.S. FREEDOM! FULL SPEED AHEAD!!

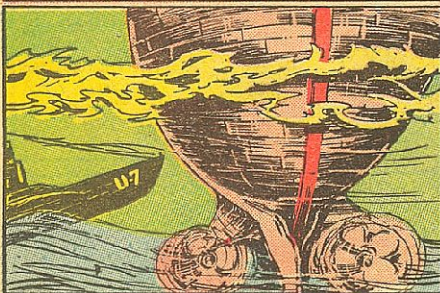
AYE, SIR!



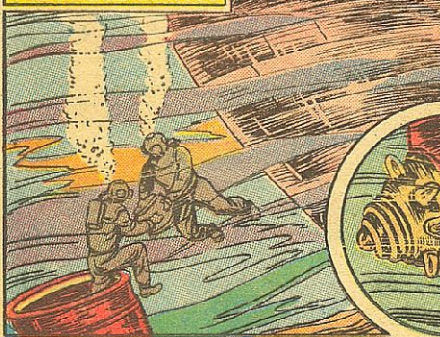
UNAWARE OF ITS PERIL, THE FREEDOM, ESCORTED BY A DESTROYER, SAILS ON.....



BUT THE SUBMARINE IS APPROACHING...

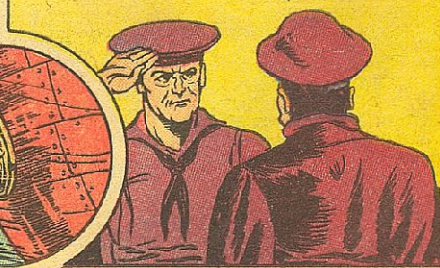


DIVERS FROM THE U7 ATTACH A MAGNETIC ATTRACTILE TO THE HULL OF THE FREEDOM....

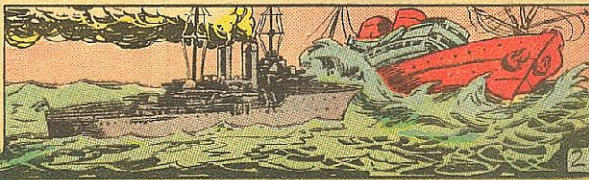


CAPTAIN, THE ATTRACTILE IS IN PLACE!

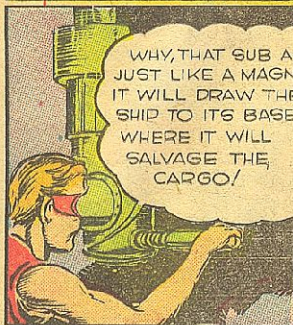
GOOD! GET THE MEN INTO CIVILIAN CLOTHES AND START THE MAGNETIC CURRENT!



TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THOSE ON THE DESTROYER THE FREEDOM BEGINS TO BUCK AND PLUNGE LIKE A GREAT FISH HOOKED ON A GIGANTIC TACKLE....



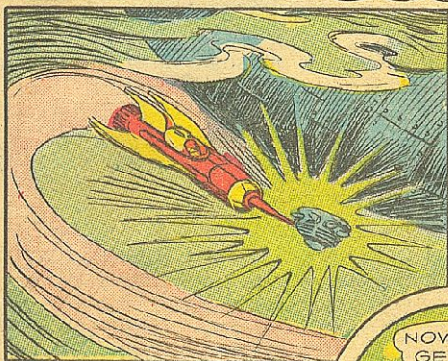
THE RED TORPEDO SEES ALL



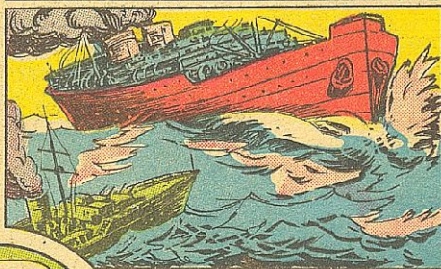
WHY, THAT SUB ACTS
JUST LIKE A MAGNET!
IT WILL DRAW THE
SHIP TO ITS BASE
WHERE IT WILL
SALVAGE THE
CARGO!



I'VE GOT TO
KNOCK THAT THING
OFF THE FREEDOM'S
HULL!



FREED OF THE MAGNETIC PULL FROM
THE SUB, THE SHIP RIGHTS ITSELF. . . .

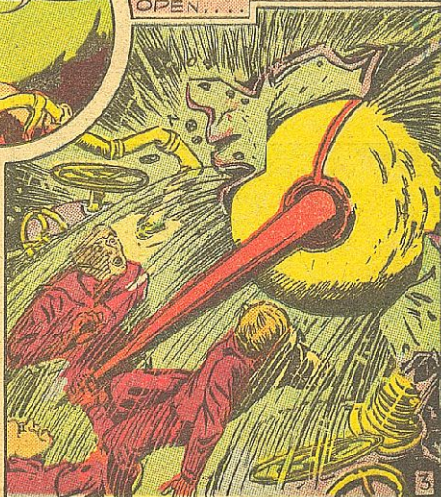


NOW TO
GET THAT
SUBMARINE!

THE RECOIL FROM THE BROKEN
CURRENT FLINGS THE SUB
OUT OF ALL CONTROL. . .



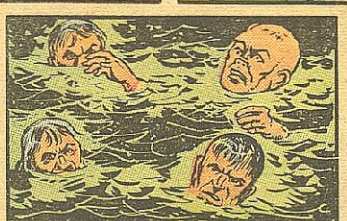
THE RED TORPEDO'S CHARGE
SPLITS THE U-BOAT WIDE
OPEN. . . .



THE DESTROYER'S CAPTAIN SEES THE SAILORS OF THE WRECKED SUB...



GET THOSE MEN!
THEY MUST HAVE
FALLEN FROM
THE FREEDOM!



NOT SUSPECTING THE TRUE IDENTITY OF THESE MEN, THE DESTROYER TAKES THEM ABOARD...

WELL, THEY'RE
SAFE, I GUESS... I'LL
GO ON!



SUDDENLY THE RED TORPEDO REALIZES THE RISK RUN BY THE DESTROYER...



SAY, I'D
BETTER
GO BACK AND
PUT THE
CAPTAIN
WISE!

MEANWHILE THE SUB'S MEN ARE WELCOMED ABOARD THE DESTROYER...

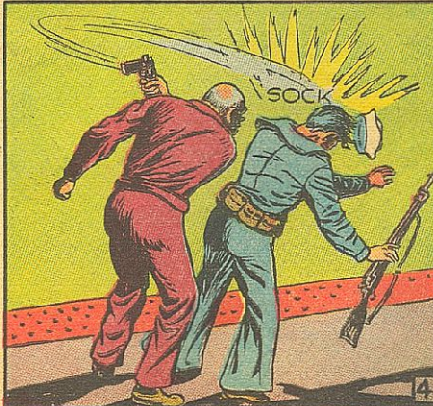


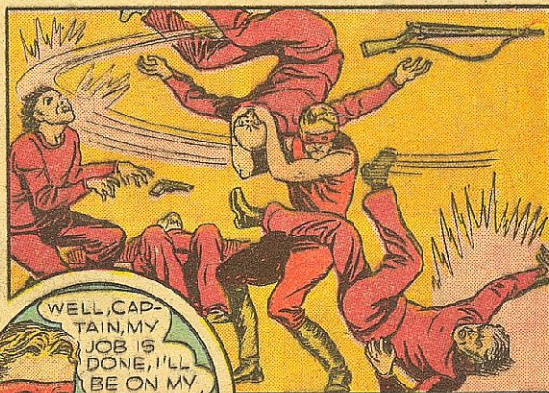
EAT AND
REST, MEN!
TOMORROW
WE'LL RETURN
YOU TO THE
FREEDOM!

AND THIS IS HOW THE RESCUED MEN SHOW THEIR GRATITUDE....



I HAVE MY GUN!
I WILL KNOCK
OUT A GUARD,
TAKE HIS RIFLE,
AND RUSH THE
BRIDGE! WE'LL
HOLD THIS
CAPTAIN HOS-
TAGE FOR THE
OBEDIENCE OF
HIS MEN!



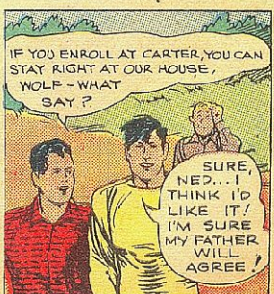
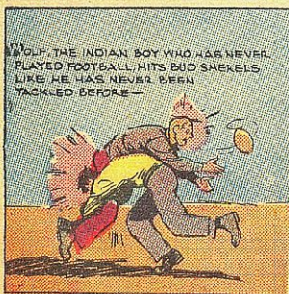
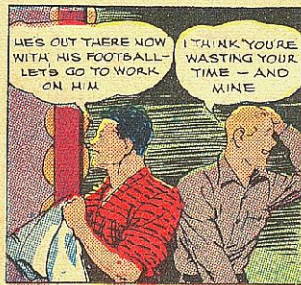
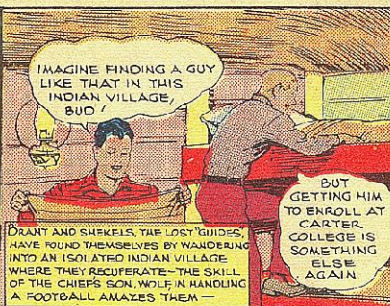


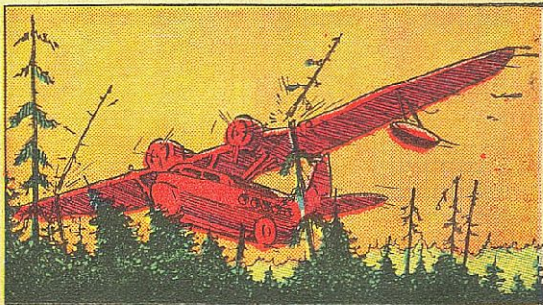
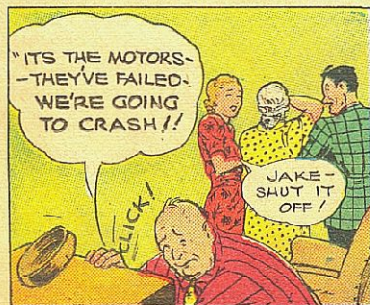
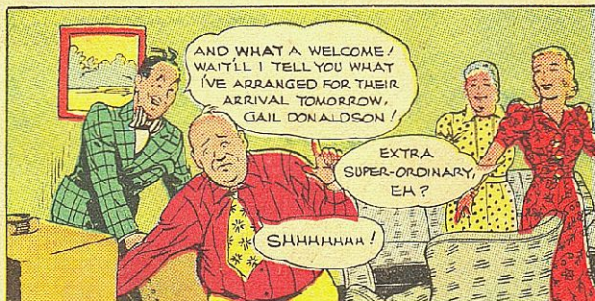
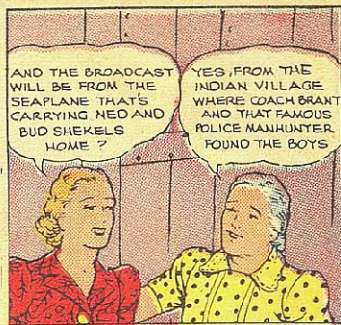
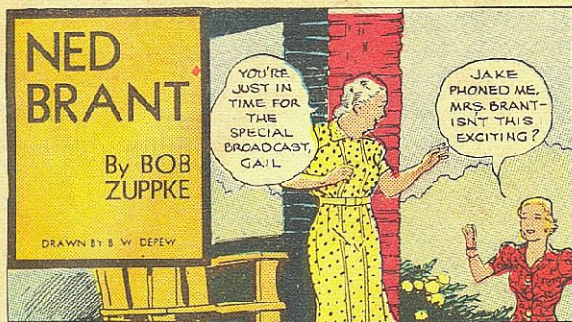
Follow the daring deeds of The Red Torpedo in the November issue.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DFEV





By BOB
ZUPPKE

HOW COME YOU GOT
SUCH A SWELL IDEA,
JAKE?

THAT'S WHAT
I SAY - I'LL BET
YOUR HEAD WILL
THROB FOR
MONTHS!

BACK HOME
AFTER A
MIRACULOUS
PLANE CRASH
ESCAPE,
NEO BRANT AND
BUO SHEKELS
ARE INVOLVED
IN A DIFFERENT
AND LESS
SINISTER
SITUATION—

NOW, IF
OUR FRIEND
WILL JUST PUT
IT ON THE
AIR FOR
US -

ITS A CINCH-ONE
WORD FROM ME AND
THEY'D EVEN LET US
HICCOUGH FROM
COAST TO COAST

RADIO
STATION
KZ

JAKE, IF YOU DROP
THAT RECORD
AGAIN, I'LL NUMB
YOU!

IT CAN'T
BREAK OR
CRACK, BUT
— I PUT
PLENTY OF
PAPER
AROUND
IT /

WELL, NED BRANT AND BUO SHEKELS,
THE LOST COLLEGIANS! AND
YOU, JAKE - HOW
ARE YOU?

GREAT,
THANKS-AM
LL PRIMED T
ASK A BIG
FAVOR

YOU SEE, EVERYONE
ASKS US TO TELL
OUR STORY—

THEY WANT TO
KNOW ALL ABOUT
HOW WE WERE
FOUND AT THE
INDIAN
VILLAGE -

AND HOW
THE PLANE
CRASHED ON
THE WAY HOME
WITHOUT ANY
ONE GETTING
EVEN A
SCRATCH

OF COURSE I'LL DO IT! I THINK
IT'S SOMETHING OF A
RADIO SCOOP FOR
US!

HOW DO YOU LIKE TO
SIT HERE AND
HEAR YOUR
OWN VOICES?

WELL, OKAY—
BUT I'D RATHER
BE OUT WHERE
I COULD HEAR
THE CHEERING

"WE THOUGHT
OUR CHANCES
WERE AS SLIM
AS A SLICE
OF BALONEY."

THAT IS I TALKING,
MEN—WHAT A
RADIO VOICE—
WHAT A RADIO
VOICE!

I THOUGHT
YOU SAID
THAT RECORD
WOULDN'T
CRACK OR
BREAK!

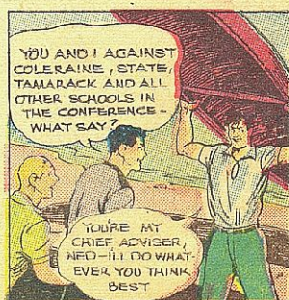
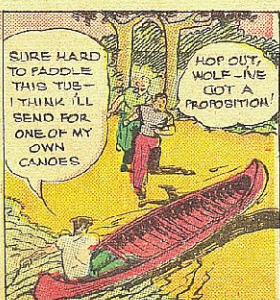
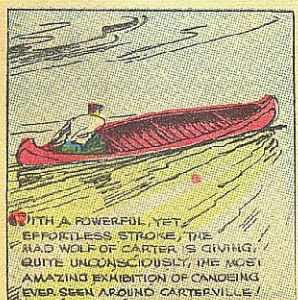
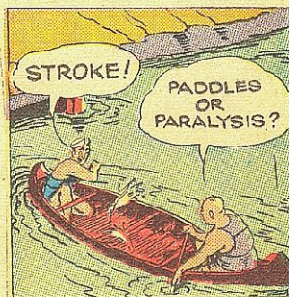
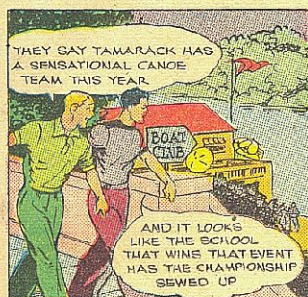
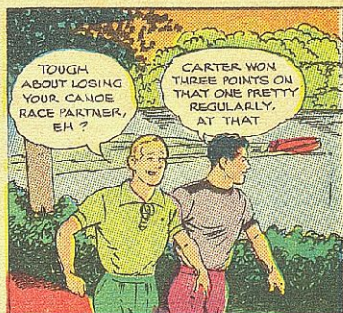
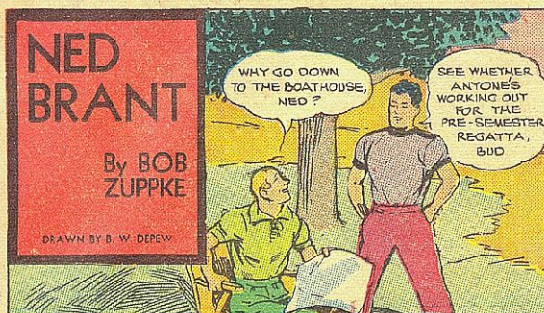
SOMETHING'S
WRONG!

RIGHT,
AND IT'S
YOU!

BALONEY-BALONEY-
BALONEY-BALONEY-BALONEY-
BALONEY-
BALONEY-

MEANWHILE
AT THE
CHOCOLATE SHOP.

COME ON,
GANG-LET'S
GIVE A ROUSING
SKYROCKET FOR
NED BRANT,
BUD SHEKELS,
CARTER COLLEGE
AND LAST BUT
NOT LEAST-
BALONEY!



Ned Brant is continued in the November issue—on sale October 2nd.

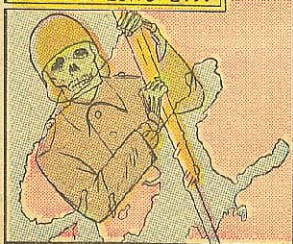
Lee Preston

OF THE RED CROSS

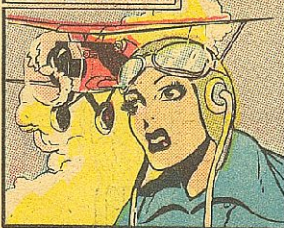
By
TERRENCE
MACAULLY



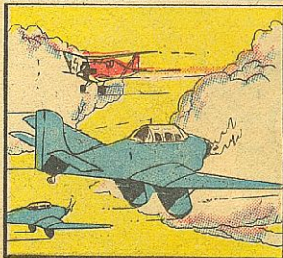
THE RUTHLESS SHADOW OF WAR
DARKENS THE PEACEFUL DEMOC-
RACIES OF EUROPE...



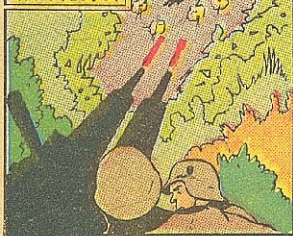
RUSHING MEDICAL AID TO
THE FRONT IS THE GALLANT
RED CROSS NURSE,
LEE PRESTON....



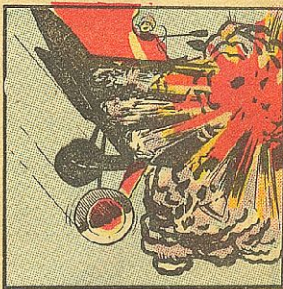
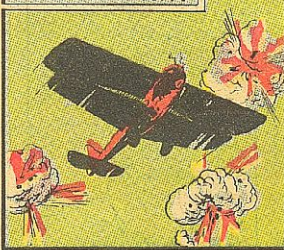
EVEN ENEMY PLANES RESPECT
THE PURPOSE OF HER FLIGHT...



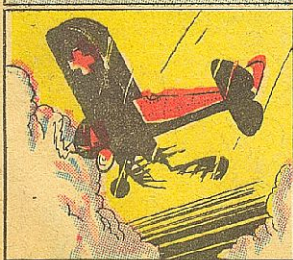
BUT BELOW, ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS
ARE NOT SO
CAREFUL...



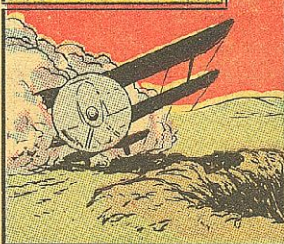
LEE'S PLANE IS RIDDLED WITH
SPITTING BULLETS...



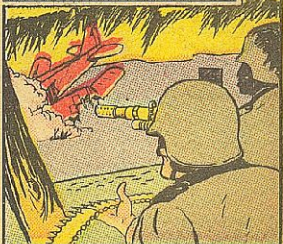
IT STAGGERS DIZZILY THROUGH
AN ENVELOPING CLOUD BANK...

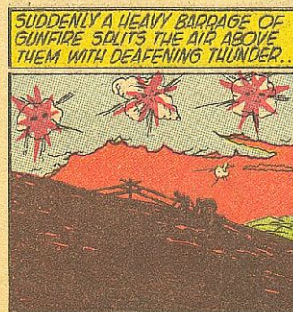
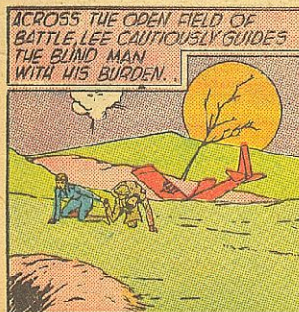
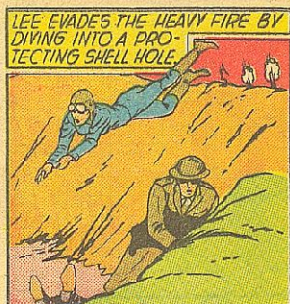


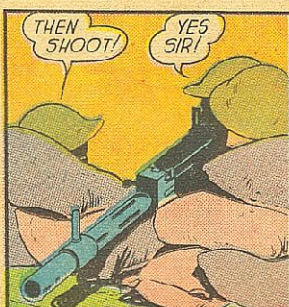
DESPERATELY LEE STRAIGHTENS
HER CRIPPLED SHIP AND "DAN-
CAKES" TO A LANDING...



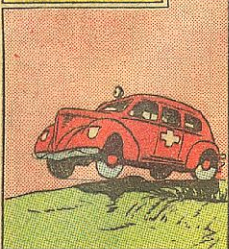
THE ENEMY WAITS FOR SIGNS
OF LIFE AS THE FUSILAGE
BURSTS INTO FLAMES...







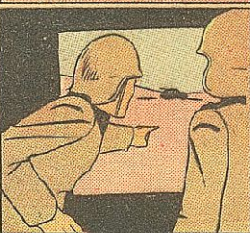
LEE HOPS TO THE WHEEL
AND SPEEDS ACROSS THE
BARREN FRONT...



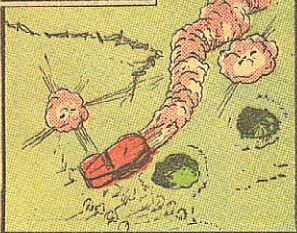
AT AN
ENEMY
FIELD
STATION...



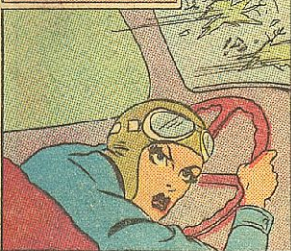
TWO HELMETED FIGURES
WATCH THE PROGRESS OF
THE CAR BUMPING OVER
THE ROUGH TERRAIN...



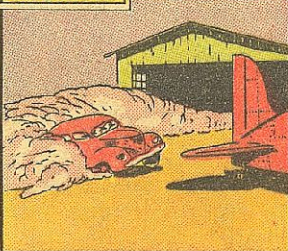
LEE SKIDS BETWEEN THE
BULLETS, AND VEERS DANGEROUSLY
TOWARD THE GAPIING
SHELL HOLES...



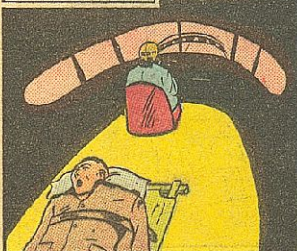
SEVERAL TIMES SHE BARELY
ESCAPES DEATH...



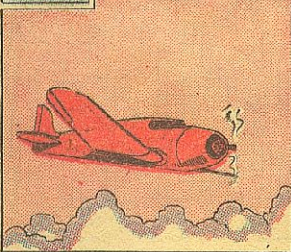
AT LAST SHE STREAKS INTO THE
AIRPORT...



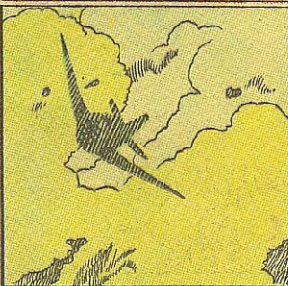
HER MEN ARE PLACED SAFELY
IN A PLANE...



RIISING SMOOTHLY ABOVE THE
CLOUDS, SHE HEADS FOR HER
GOAL...



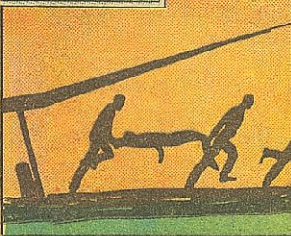
A HEAVY FOG BLANKETS HER SHIP.



WHAT A PILOT!... OUT
OF A FOG TO A THREE-
POINT LANDING
ON A STREET!



THE WOUNDED MEN ARE HURRIED
TO THE BASE HOSPITAL
IMMEDIATELY...

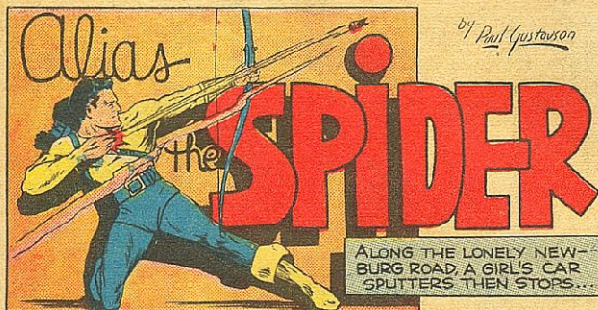


WE'RE PROUD OF YOU!
YOU'VE DONE WELL,
MISS PRESTON!



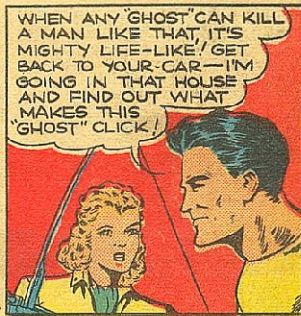
THANK YOU,
SIR, BUT
SERVING
THE
WOUNDED
IS MY
JOB!

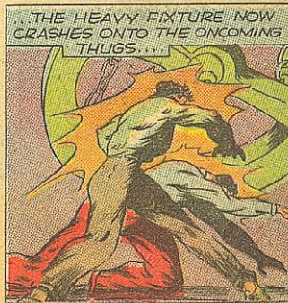
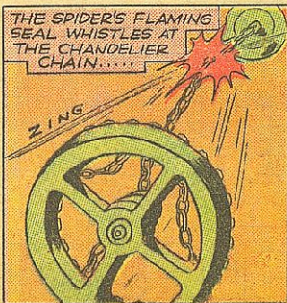
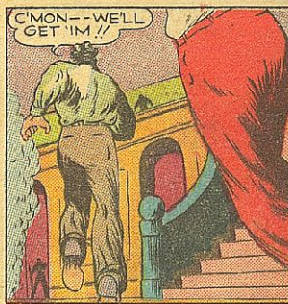
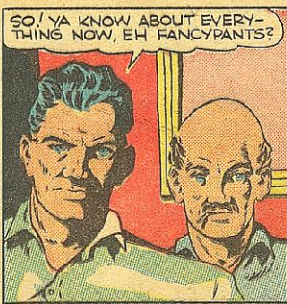
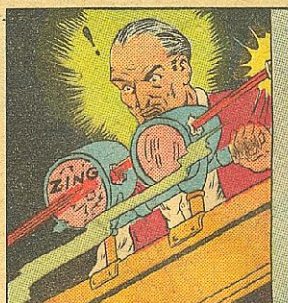


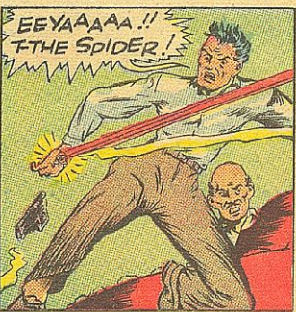


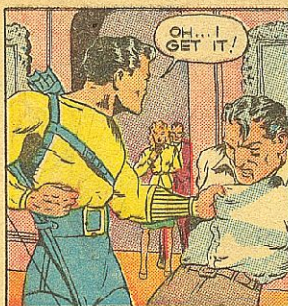
OF ALL PLACES TO RUN OUT OF GAS... AND I'M SUPPOSED TO BE AT ELSIE'S PLACE IN HALF AN HOUR!













JANE ARDEN

By Walter Newman and Bob Kane



JANE ARDEN

A Story Written and Drawn by Jane Arden



JANE ARDEN

By Helen Barker and Russell E. Ross



SAY WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT ANYWAY?



WELL IT SEEMS CRAZY BUT -

YES - OH PLEASE HURRY - AND THE DRESS IS JUST RIGHT



IF IT SAVES THE SHOW FOR YOU - I'LL DO IT!

JEAN FIX HER HAIR QUICKLY!



I KNOW YOU ARE THE THIRD ONE



DON'T MISS YOUR CHANCE NANA

WILL ACT MOST WISELY!



YOU DON'T SAY! MAYBE I'LL TRY IT! YOU CAN'T TELL!



JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

By Walter Newman and W. L. Reed

AS THE
EDUCATIONAL
DEPARTMENT
WAS
DISCUSSING
A "SLIGHTLY"

WOW!
HOW'D JANE
EVER GET
THE A
BRIDESMAID!

WELL—
IT'S ALL
OVER—
AND WHAT
A STORY
THIS WILL
MAKE!

AH! AND
HERE'S
THAT
RICH LITTLE
BRIDESMAID
THAT WE
SPOKE OF—

HELLO,
MAY I
INTRO
DUCE
MYSELF
?

BUT—
KNOW
YOU—
YOU'RE
COUNTY
IVAN!

AND YOU—
THE NICEST
FLOWER
TO COME
INTO
MY LIFE—
AH, FAIR
ONE—
BUT I NOW
MUST LEAVE
THIS FOR MY
WORK AGAIN

WORK IT
BUT WITH
HER
HEALTH—
???

I DON'T
UNDER-
STAND
AMER-
ICANS!

AND I
DON'T
THINK
HE'S A
FORTUNE
HUNTER

HE IS
NICE

BUT WHY
MUST
YOU GO?

I TOLD
YOU WHY

THEN
I'LL GO
WITH
YOU

DON'T
YOU
NEED
YOUR
HATE!

I CAN'T
LET YOU
VANISH NOW
WITHOUT A
CLUE TO
FIND YOU
AGAIN!

WELL—
I'M A VERY
BUSY
GIRL,
COUNT
IVAN!

SHE
THINKS
I'M AFTER
HER
MONEY—
SHE
WANTS
TO ELUDE
ME—

OH! HE'S
GRAND
NO
WONDER
CORINNE
MARRIED
HIS BROTHER—
I'M IN A SPOT—

CONTINUED

WHAT A
DOIN'
LENA!

HANG-
ING THIS
MIRROR
OF
COURSE

OH! I
LOOKED INTO
IT BEHIND
YER BACK—
BAD
LUCK!

AW—
IT DON'T
MEAN A THING

LENA!/
HOW OLD
ARE YAT?

WHAT'S IT
TO YOU?

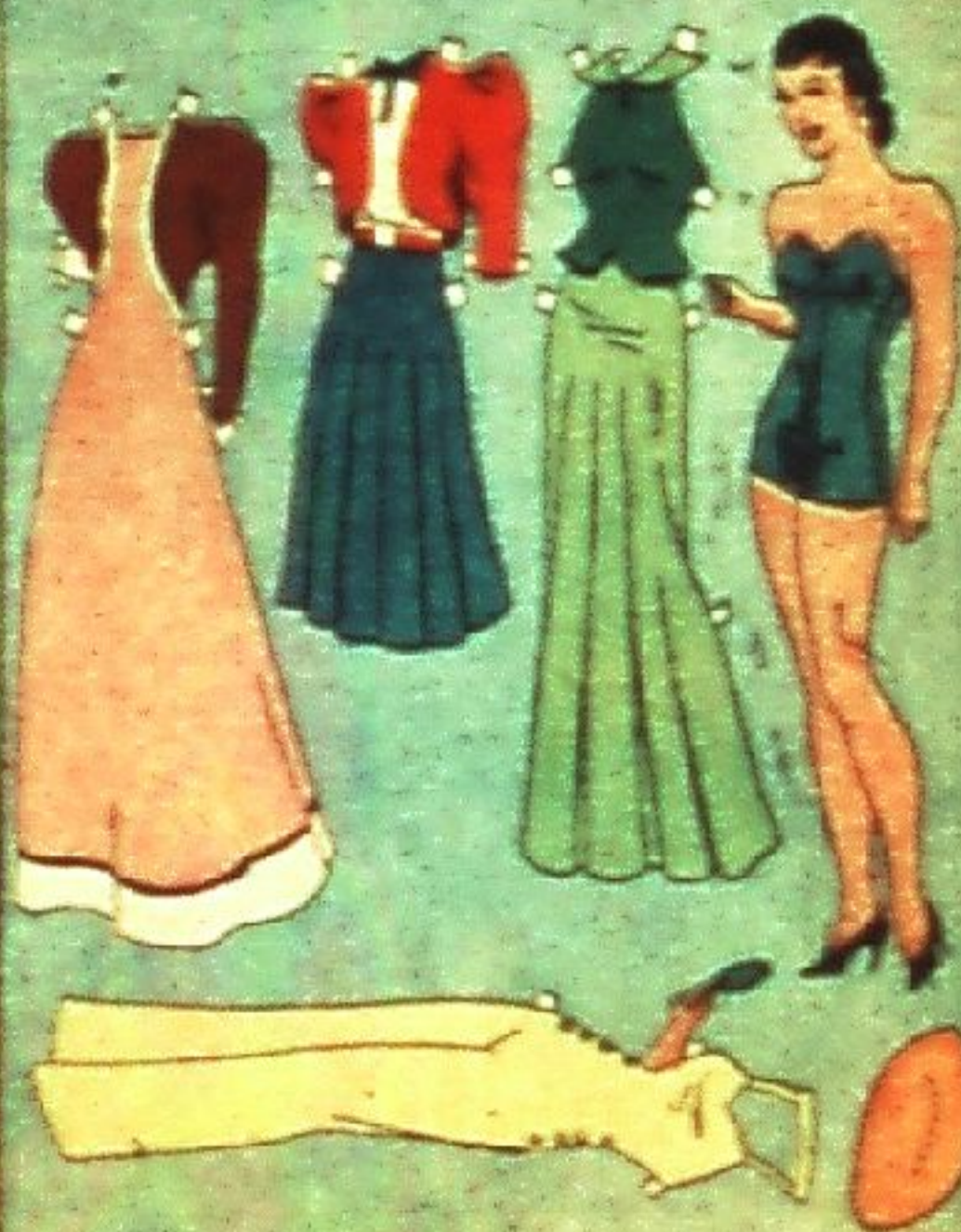
QUICK! I'M
BOUTY-FOL—
TELL ME
HOW
OLD YO
IS!

YOUNGER
THAN
YOU
YET!

YIPPEEE!!
H'RAYYY!

WOW!!
'CUZ WE SAW
TOGETHER IN
THAT GLASS—
AN' YOUNGEST
WILL DIE
FIRST!


JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



SIDE SHOW

WHAT NOT
TO DO IN
POLITE
SOCIETY....
RULE NO. 7751

DON'T WEAR
A LOOSE
TOUPÉE THAT
COMES OFF
WHEN YOU
RAISE YOUR
HAT!



OUR LATEST INVENTION...
OR A HANDY STAMP STICKER

WHEN YOU STAND CANDLE 'A'
BURNS STRING 'B'... RELEASING
PENDULUM 'C' WHICH CAUSES
WET SPONGE 'D' TO MOISTEN
STAMP 'E'... SPONGE
BURNS TO LEVER 'F' WHICH
STATES PHONOGRAPH WHICH
SAYS 'ALL OUT! MOISTEN'S
LETS GO OF STRAP 'H' SPONGE
'T' THROWS ARM 'J' BACKWARD
AND MOIST STAMP IS FLIPPED
ONTO ENVELOPE 'K'.....



IF YER SEASICK MISTER HERE
IS SOMETHING TO EAT!

LITTLE BUTCH



CANDID CARTOONS

YES, DEAR... I'LL BE
WORKING ON THE
BOOKS LATE
TONIGHT... THE
MUSIC YOU HEAR
IS COMING UP
FROM OUTSIDE...



SOFT PEDAL
ON TV NOISE
BOYS—JOE
IS MAKING HIS
ALIBI!

MY WIFE
HEARS THE
POOL BALLS
CLICKIN'
ALL THE
TIME!

A FELLOW IS PUTTING
HIS STORY OVER WHEN
THE PHONOGRAPH STARTS



**GRANDPOT
BUSINESS**



SAY, IKE...
IS THAT
FUNNY LOOKIN'
DAME YOUR
GIRL?

NO! SHE'S
ALWAYS
SITTIN'
IN MY
CAR WHEN
I TAKE IT OUT
OF THE GARAGE



GIVE ME TIME!
I'LL GET THIS
BRIDGE TABLE
FOLDED UP!

BLAME
IT ON
WILBUR





ANNABELLE SUSAN
AMMONIA TOPPING
TAKES NO TIME AT ALL
TO DO ALL HER
SHOPPING.



WHILE HARRIET BINNS
SPENDS HER DAYS IN
THE STORES,
FUSSING AROUND ON
VARIOUS FLOORS....



BUT HONEST TO
GOODNESS IT TAKES
SEVEN GUYS TO BRING
ALL THE STUFF
ANNABELLE BUYS....



WHILE THE CONSTANT
BUYER HARRIET BINNS
BUYS NOTHING AT ALL
BUT RIPPERS OF PINS!

WIZARD WELLS

Miracle Man of Science

DEAD MAN'S PRINTS

by Archie Campbell

WIZARD WELLS, FORMER ALL-AMERICAN HALF-BACK, HAS NOW BECOME OUR FOREMOST INVENTOR... ACCIDENTALLY GOING INTO CRIMINOLOGY. HE HAS SOLVED CASE AFTER CASE THRU HIS KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE... AND THE "AID" OF TUG, HIS PUNCH-DRUNK HELPER...

DAILY PRESS

ANOTHER MILO PARK ABDUCTION... POLICE HELPLESS IN EMERGENCY

IT'S THE LEWIS KID... WHOSE FOLKS WOULDN'T PAY OFF!

THE FIENDS!

CHECK THOSE FINGERPRINTS FROM THE LEWIS KILLING?

YEAH! MANNY ROE AND HIS MOLL, SADIE!

WHAT? THEY'RE DEAD FOR THREE YEARS!

GHOSTS!

POLICE HEADQUARTERS... LATER...

AND IN WELLS' LABORATORY

STRANGE STUFF THIS SINTERED ALNICO! YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THIS TINY MAGNET COULD LIFT 200 POUNDS.

GUY NAME OF RUTHERFORD WATKINS TO SEE YOU, WIZ!

RUTHERFORD WATKINS, EH? HE'S THE LAWYER WHO GOT WEALTHY DEFENDING PUBLIC ENEMIES~RECENTLY DISBARRED OH, SEND HIM IN, TUG~

A THREAT TO KIDNAP YOUR SON, EH? AND YOU LIVE UP IN MILO PARK... BETTER BE CAREFUL, MR. WATKINS!

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, WELLS!

10 MINUTES LATER

I WANT YOU TO PUT IN SOME SORT OF BURGLAR-PROOF ALARM SYSTEM...

OF COURSE I WILL, MR. WATKINS.

I'LL ORDER THE MATERIALS NOW. BETTER NOT LEAVE THIS MAGNET AROUND~IT'S VALUABLE..

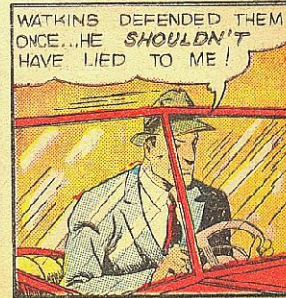
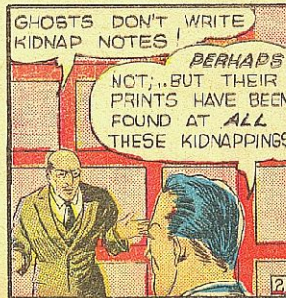
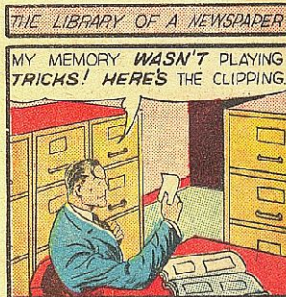
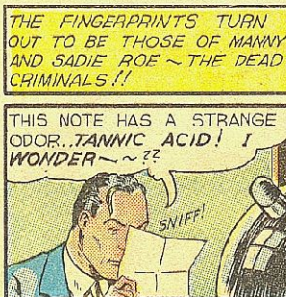
AS WELLS PASSES A CAR..

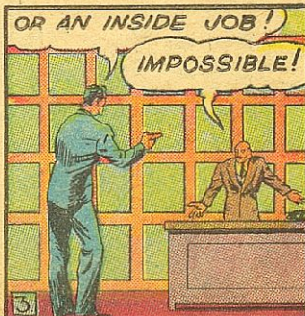
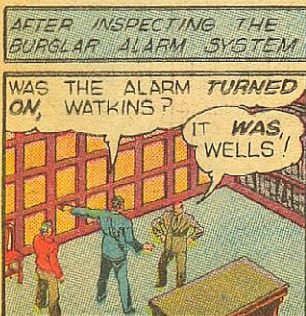
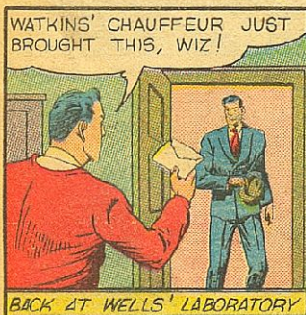
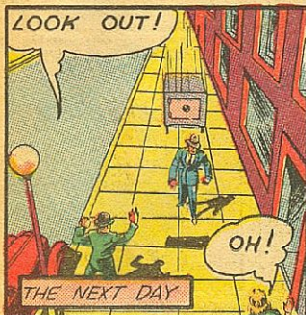
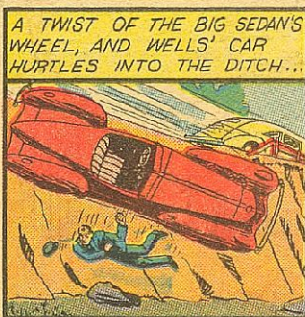
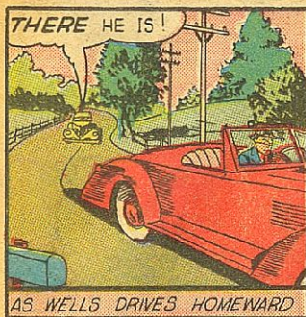
WHAT HAPPENED, WIZ?

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER

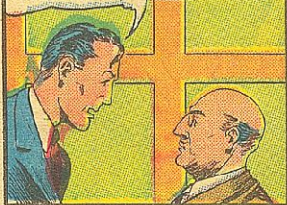
LINK!

IT'S THAT ALNICO MAGNET. HERE, TUG, HELP ME FREE MYSELF!





NOW, WATKINS, IF YOU'LL CALL ALL YOUR SERVANTS TOGETHER I'LL SHOW YOU YOUR KIDNAPPER!



AFTER THE SERVANTS ARRIVE

ONE OF YOU~PERHAPS MORE THAN ONE, IS GUILTY OF THE WORST CRIME OF ALL~ KIDNAPPING!



IN YOUR SON'S ROOM I HAVE SECRETED A BLACK LIGHT PROJECTOR, AND AN AUTOMATIC CAMERA THAT PHOTOGRAPHED EVERYONE THAT ENTERED THAT ROOM!

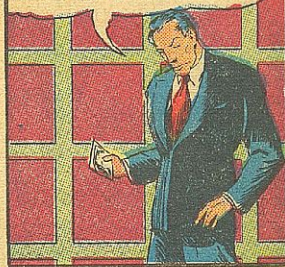


TUG~ GIVE ME THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS...

HERE, WIZ...



THE GUILTY ONE IS~~

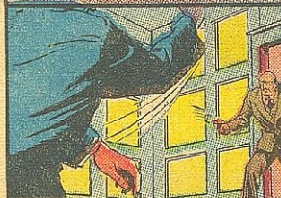


FREEZE! ALL OF YOU! NONE OF YOU'LL LIVE TO PIN THIS ON ME!

~WATKINS!

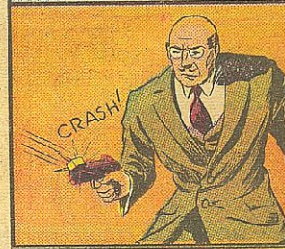


REMEMBERING THE SUPER MAGNET IN HIS POCKET...



WELLS TOSSES IT TOWARD THE KIDNAPPER'S GUN...

WITH A CRASH IT STRIKES THE GUN.....

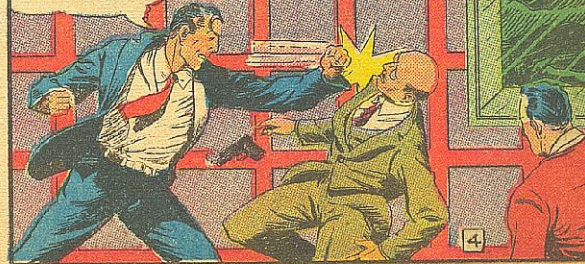


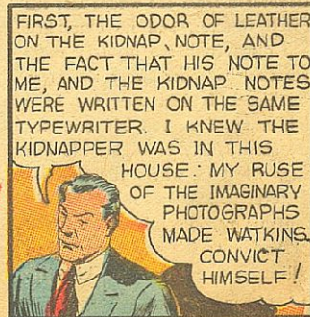
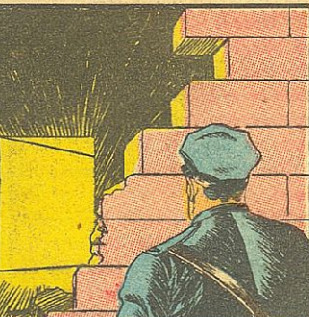
THIS GAT'S JAMMED!

JUST MAGNETIZED.



...WATKINS!





CRIME IN ICE

BY LARRY SPAIN

"Well, boys, it got Tully."

Big Bull Weston, lumber boss of the Smokey Ridge outfit, lowered his eyes from the group of rough men who faced him, because he felt that a tear was not the thing for these men to see.

"Tully!" said Pierre Lareaux sorrowfully. "Po'r leetle Tully."

Hud Wilkins, usually boisterous and roudy and full of good humor, drew a wry face and shook his grizzled head forlornly.

"Tully," he said softly. "That makes four—with Burke, Slats and Pedro."

Cookie, the camp hash-slinger, sniffled and wiped a moist eye.

"Cripes," he said, "why can't something be done about this—this here mystery? What's wrong with the Mounted?"

"What's wrong with 'em?" Bull Weston echoed; "nothin' is wrong with 'em; they're workin' on the case. They've lost two men themselves, accordin' to Sergeant Lipscomb . . . this here thing's too big for 'em, that's all."

For weeks it had been going on. For weeks men had mysteriously disappeared from the woods and the frozen tundras, and no clues had been discovered. No mystery more profound had ever swept the great Northland. It had everyone in a high state of nerves. No one was safe abroad, day or night. No one knew when or where the thing—whatever it was—would strike. Six men so far had vanished . . .

"And now it's my turn," Ran Rallings spoke somewhat bitterly. The others seated in the warm

bunkhouse looked at him. Bull Weston shook his head.

"Ain't no call for you to go up there, Ran," he said mildly.

"If I don't go, someone else must," Ran replied. "Someone has to tend the boiler, or the mill shuts down . . . It's my turn." He got up, buttoned his parka, and pulled on thick mittens.

"Well, so long, lugs!" he called with mock cheer. "Be seein' you!" Then he was gone, out into the howling night.

Sergeant Lipscomb, of the Mounted Police, read the last line of his report, slipped it into an envelope and got up briskly.

"There it is," he said. "That goes to Montreal. It's the third report I've sent in to headquarters. It contains every known detail of the disappearances. And that means exactly nothing, Mr. Vale."

Eric Vale rose and extended his hand.

"All I ask, Sergeant Lipscomb," he said, "is to conduct this thing in my own way. You've asked me up here. I don't know what I can do, but I promise to do my very best."

"Right," Lipscomb said. "When are you starting?"

"Now."

Eric Vale stepped out into the frigid air, slipped his feet into snowshoes, and sped away toward the north. He traveled light, with only the necessities. He could make more speed that way. Five miles from Police headquarters, he halted, listening. Steadily on the thin cold air came the muted drone of the Smokey Ridge lumber mill's

machinery. Evidently nothing had gone wrong with their man—at least yet. Eric went on.

Where had the others fallen down? How had they erred in their attempts to discover clues of the missing man? The Mounted Police had scoured the area with a fine-toothed comb, as they put it. So had various private detectives. All had failed. Where should he start?

He kept on, his racquets making a squeaky sound in the fine, freezing snow. Once a wolf yelped far off to his right and he shivered. Not that there was any possibility of a wolf attacking a man, unless he was down. The Northern Lights shivered and flashed in streamers of bizarre color up over the Pole.

After an hour of steady going, Eric neared a low range of ice hills. They looked bleak and barren in the strange light. He skirted one end of them and then, in the lee of the ridge, he halted suddenly and bent down. Yes, there they were—tracks! Large imprints of shoes in the packed snow. He followed them for a space and was surprised to find the entrance of a low cave in the ice walls. Cautiously he entered, slipped out of his snowshoes, and walked along the dark corridor. Maybe this was a clue!

The tunnel opened out in a larger



cavern, considerably lighter from some overhead opening. Eric's eyes slowly swung around the chill room, then they stopped and a sharp exclamation escaped him. There before him, in a gleaming wall of solid ice, were six figures—the six men who had disappeared! They were frozen within the thick ice, their eyes wide open, expressions of utter horror on their faces.

"Like them?" A voice spoke softly behind him. Eric whirled, but a heavy net settled over his head and he was tangled in its strands in a moment. The author of the voice leaped upon him, bearing him to the ground. It was useless to fight; the net effectually snared him. So he lay motionless while the huge man who had attacked him completed trussing him up securely.

"There!" said the stranger. "That'll hold you—until I'm ready to put you up there in my beautiful wall . . . it is beautiful, don't you think?"

"You're crazy!" Eric said steadily. "If you think you can get away with this sort of thing."

The man laughed. "Maybe I am crazy," he admitted. "Some people have said that. But you'll have to admit that my idea is clever, eh?"

"What is your idea?" Eric demanded.

The man's face underwent an instant transformation. A deadly passion crept over it, the most terrible expression of hate Eric had ever seen. Then he spoke:

"For years they have cheated me. They've taken everything I ever had. I owned thousands of acres of lumber. They took it . . . Now I'm getting even. I'll get every last one of them. I'll get my property back!"

"Who are you?" said Eric.

"I'm called Ivan," returned the man sonorously. "Ivan Ivanovitch." Then he laughed, a grotesque, insane laugh. After which he got to

his feet quickly and left the chamber of death.

Eric pondered a moment. So that was it. The man, frustrated sometime in life, had cracked. He was out of his mind. But often people—crazy people—were capable of hideous crimes . . .

It was cold in the cave. Eric's muscles felt paralyzed. He twisted, turned and tugged at the restricting net. And suddenly he found a loose cord. Working with this a half hour he finally managed to get free. He wasted no time. There was an axe lying on the floor. He picked it up and went at the ice wall like a veteran lumberjack.

He had chopped into the first figure when he made a startling discovery. He quit chopping, hurled the axe down and started off down another tunnel he had seen when



he first entered this room. It led a hundred yards, then turned abruptly to the right. Eric halted and listened. He thought he heard a slight sound. Yes, there it was again!

Eric hastened on. At the end of this tunnel there was another room, not so large as the main chamber. And in it were stacks of old clothes, snowshoes, and a long dog sledge. Also there was a workbench. Scattered about were odd pieces of a plastic substance which Eric couldn't identify in the dim light that filtered from overhead. But he didn't waste time in further exploring.

There was a door set in the wall back of the workbench, and this Eric pushed against. It swung inward.

"Well, tie that!" he exclaimed as a strange sight met his gaze. Lying about on bunks were men—all of them in rags, with emaciated faces and the look of death in their hollow eyes. But they were alive!

Eric made sure they were alive, then he left the room and approached the large chamber again. Everything was clear now. He would try to capture Ivan and take him into headquarters. If that failed, he would return and come back with the Police. Ivan had caused the last mystery he would ever hatch up.

A sound startled Eric as he stepped out of the tunnel into the ice room. Sergeant Lipscomb stood in the middle of the room, staring blankly at the iced in figures.

"So that's it!" he cried. "Well, I'll be a cross-eyed Eskimo! That's them, all right!"

Eric laughed. "Partly right, Sergeant," he said. "And partly wrong. It's a strange story . . . but first, did you see anything of Ivan?"

"Two of my men picked him up back on the trail a mile," Lipscomb replied. "If you mean the big Russian."

"I mean him," Eric said. "He's the creator of the ice mural there . . . also the central figure in your little mystery."

"They're dead, of course?" Sergeant Lipscomb said.

Eric nodded. "They are, but they are only cleverly constructed effigies. The men themselves are back there in a cave—half dead, but still breathing. Let's get help up here and get 'em back home."

**ANOTHER EXCITING
ERIC VALE STORY
THE BEAST OF BURMA
IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF
CRACK COMICS • On Sale Oct. 2nd**

MADAM FATAL



ART
DINGMAN

IT IS ALMOST TRAIN TIME AS THE 'SILVER STREAK LIMITED' PREPARES TO LEAVE THE CENTRAL TERMINAL FOR CHICAGO—AMONG ITS PASSENGERS WILL BE RICHARD STANTON, FORMER ACTOR WHO PLAYS THE ROLE OF MADAM FATAL....



HMM—WHAT'S THIS?—AND JUST AS I'M ABOUT TO LEAVE TOWN!



THE EVENING
POWERFUL NEW
CHEMICAL GAS STOLEN
FROM FAMOUS CHEMIST—
G-MEN BAFFLED
AS TRACE OF
THIEVES
DISAPPEARS



NO DOUBT THE CROOKS STOLE THE GAS TO PASS IT ON TO SOME FOREIGN GOVERNMENT—THEY'LL HAVE TO BE SLICK TO GET BY THE G-MEN!!



WELL—I'LL BE ! SAY—THAT'S A COINCIDENCE... THAT OLD LADY LOOKS JUST LIKE MADAM FATAL... FUNNY!!



THERE'S SOMETHING VERY QUEER ABOUT HER...OH-OH—SHE'S MEETING SOMEONE!!



A VERY "TOUCHING" FAREWELL—CLEVER ACTING I CALL IT!!

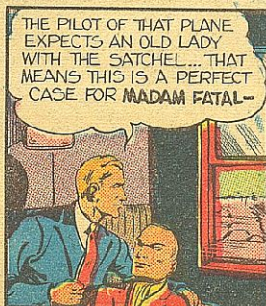
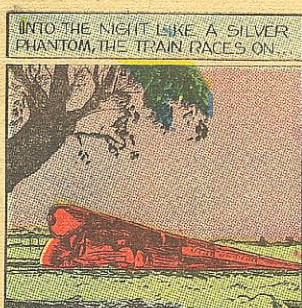


SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS TRIP IS GOING TO BE AN INTERESTING ONE... I'VE JUST GOT TIME TO BUY MY TICKET!!



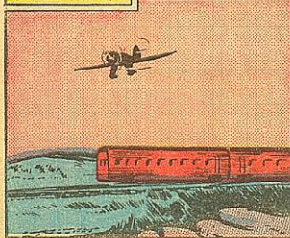
WITH STANTON ABOARD, THE LIMITED PULLS OUT OF THE STATION AND IS SOON ON ITS WAY....







TO MADAM FATAL'S SURPRISE, THE PLANE TAKES A SOUTHERLY DIRECTION....



HOURS LATER-OVER A FLORIDA JUNGLE....



THEY LAND IN A SMALL CLEARING ON THE EDGE OF A STREAM...



THEY ARE SOON PASSING THROUGH A DENSE SWAMP...

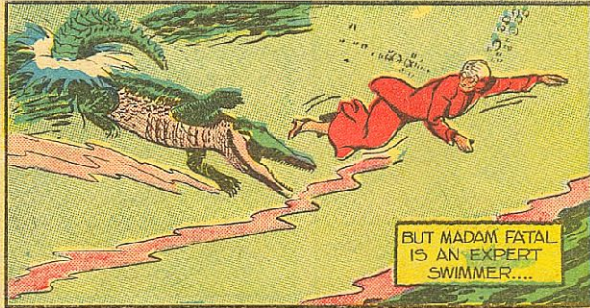
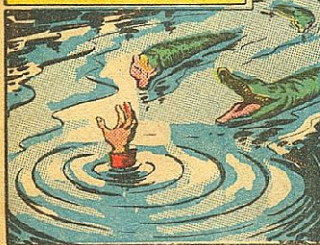


AT THIS MOMENT THE GANG'S RADIO OPERATOR COMES IN...





AS MADAM FATAL HITS THE WATER, SEVERAL MAN-EATING CROCODILES SWARM TOWARD THE SPOT...



A FEW MINUTES LATER MADAM FATAL MIRACULOUSLY REACHES SHORE...



AS THE OPERATOR SITS BEFORE HIS SET A SHADOW SUDDENLY FALLS ACROSS HIM....



BUT BEFORE HE CAN MAKE A MOVE...



WITH A LIGHTNING-LIKE MOVE, MADAM FATAL SHOVED THE CHAIR INTO THE THUG'S STOMACH...



LEAVING THE RADIO OPERATOR'S CABIN, MADAM FATAL HEADS FOR THE GANG'S HIDEOUT...



WHAT LUCK!! THERE'S NO ONE IN-AND HERE'S THE CHEMICAL GAS!!



MEANWHILE THE GANG IS RETURNING...



LOOK! IT'S THAT GUY AGAIN!

AND HE'S GOT TH' CHEMICAL GAS!



TAKE ONE STEP NEARER AND I'LL DASH THIS TO THE GROUND AND BLOW YOU ALL TO PIECES!!



SUDDENLY THROUGH THE DENSE SWAMP FOLIAGE A COAST GUARD CUTTER APPEARS... MEN LEAP FROM ITS DECK...



NICE WORK, LADY-WE CAME AS SOON AS WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE!

BOY! AM I THIRSTY! I THINK I'LL TAKE A DRINK!!



H-HEY!! THEN THAT WASN'T THE CHEMICAL GAS?... WHY--YOU--

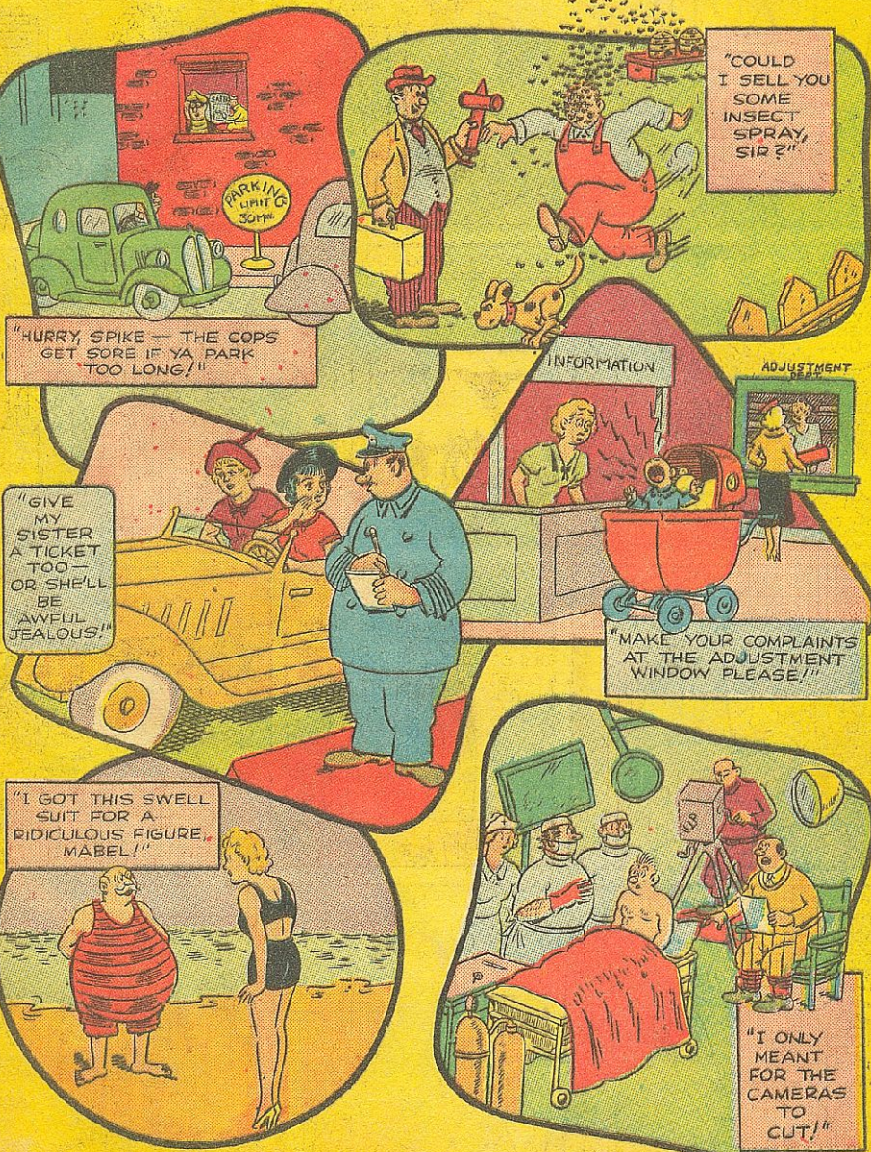
NO...THAT WAS PLAIN WATER I FILLED THIS TUBE WITH BEFORE YOU CAME IN!!



THE REAL STUFF IS GOING BACK TO ITS INVENTOR FOR BETTER USES...TO SMOKE OUT RATS LIKE YOU!!



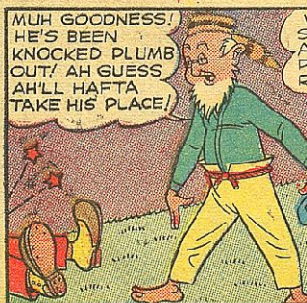
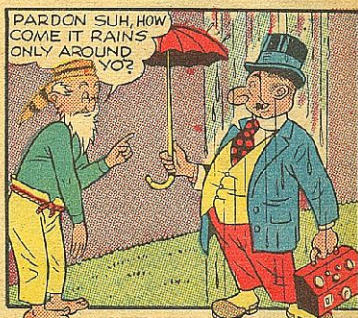
OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.

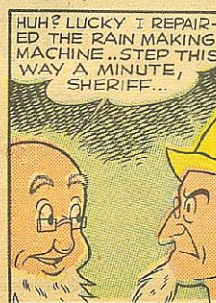
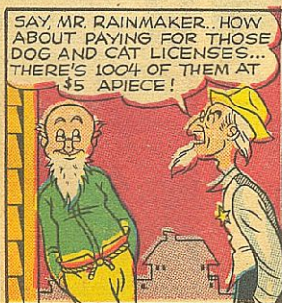
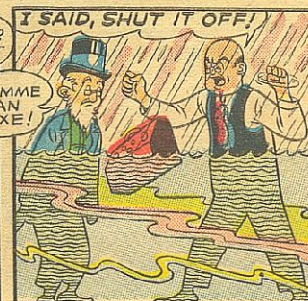
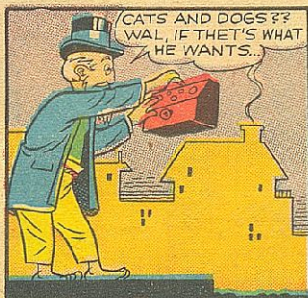


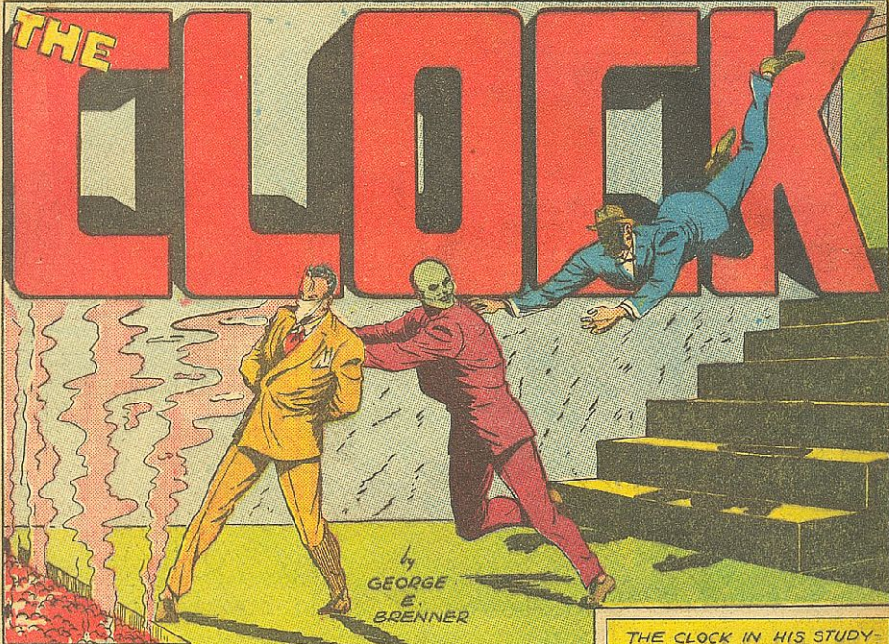
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SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

THE WHOLE COUNTRY'S DE HAS BEEN HARD HIT BY A TERRIBLE DROUGHT. PAPPY'S TOWN IS IN A BAD WAY. LET'S SEE WHAT THE MAYOR IS DOING ABOUT IT







BRIAN O'BRIEN, WHO PLAYS THE ROLE OF THE CLOCK, AND HIS TWO-FISTED DOUBLE, PUG BRADY, FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE TO STAMP OUT CRIME.....

THOUGH ALWAYS LIVING AND FIGHTING AS ONE, AT THE PRESENT MOMENT EACH WORKS FEVERISHLY, UNKNOWN TO THE OTHER-----

THE CLOCK IN HIS STUDY-



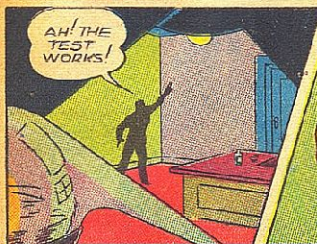
A GUN THAT DOES NOT KILL, BUT PARALYZES THE VICTIM. SO HE CAN'T MOVE, WE'LL BE ABLE TO FIGHT CRIME WITHOUT BLOODSHED-



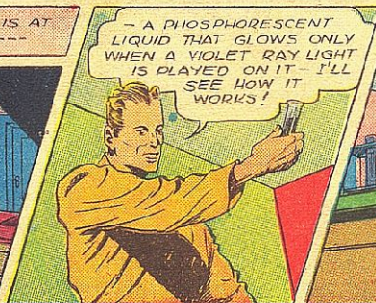
NOW, TO TELL PUG ABOUT THE PARALYZER!



AT THE SAME TIME, PUG IS AT WORK IN THE LABORATORY---



AH! THE TEST WORKS!

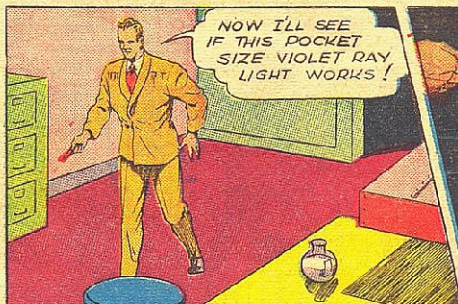


- A PHOSPHORESCENT LIQUID THAT GLOWS ONLY WHEN A VIOLET RAY LIGHT IS PLAYED ON IT - I'LL SEE HOW IT WORKS!

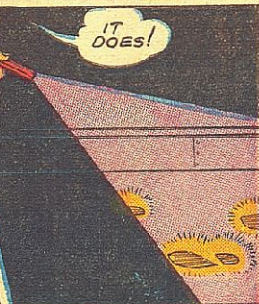


I'LL SOAK THE SOLES OF THESE SHOES IN THE LIQUID!

HAVING
PUT ON
THE SHOES,
PUG WALKS
THE LENGTH
OF
THE
ROOM--



NOW I'LL SEE IF THIS POCKET SIZE VIOLET RAY LIGHT WORKS!



IT DOES!



WITH THAT WE'LL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW EACH OTHER WITHOUT LEAVING SIGNS, I'LL TELL THE BOSS!



BOSS - I'VE JUST INVENTED A---

PUG - I'VE JUST INVENTED A--- SAY, WHAT IS THIS?

THE TWO MEN
EXPLAIN TO
EACH OTHER
HOW THEIR
INVENTIONS
WORK..AND THE
GREAT USE THEY'LL
BE IN FIGHTING
CRIME -



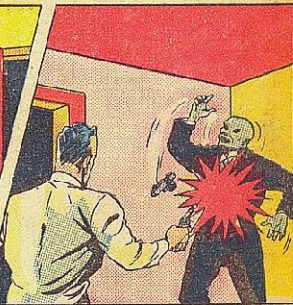
YOU'RE RIGHT, PUG, THESE THINGS WILL HELP US--- IF WE ONLY HAD THE CHANCE TO TRY THEM OUT!

AND FATE
SUPPLIES THIS
OPPORTUNITY,
FOR AT THIS
MOMENT A
FIGURE STALKS
THROUGH THE
HALLS OF THE
CLOCK'S
APARTMENT---





THE CLOCK AND PUG STARE INTO THE GHASTLY PASTY WHITE SKULL-LIKE FACE OF THE INTRUDER ---



THE SKULL FIGURE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS---



THEY'RE GONE --
TO GET THE POLICE --
I'LL GET OUTA
HERE!



THERE HE
GOES, PUG -- LET'S
HOPE HE DIDN'T
COME IN A
CAR!



SWALLOWED BY THE
SHADOWS, THE SKULL SLINKS
LIKE A RAT THROUGH THE
BACK ALLEYS ---



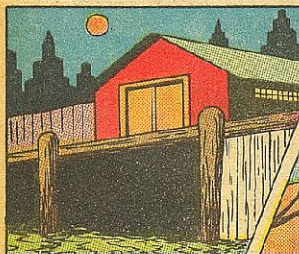
OKEY, PUG --
LET'S FOLLOW!



SAY! THIS
IS GOING TO BE
EASY!



THE TRAIL LEADS TO THE WATER-
FRONT SECTION OF THE CITY---



HE WENT
IN HERE,
BOSS!



THEN WE GO
IN TOO,
COME ON!

PUG, YOU
LOOK OVER THIS
SECTION -- I'LL GO
UPSTAIRS --



MEANWHILE, THE SKULL WHO
FAILED IN HIS MISSION REPORTS
FALSLEY TO HIS MASTER---



THERE WAS
NOTHING IN THE
HOUSE WORTH
TAKING!

YOU MEAN THERE
WAS NOTHING OF VALUE
IN THE HOME OF ONE SO
RICH AS BRIAN O'BRIEN --?
YOU
LIE!



..AND FOR
THAT, YOU
DIE!



PUG STILL SEARCHES WITHOUT RESULTS, WHEN SUDDENLY HE IS DISCOVERED BY ONE OF THE GANG---



THE GUN SHOTS BRING ANOTHER OF THE SKULL GANG TO THE SCENE--



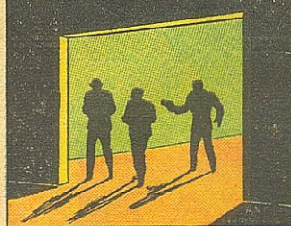
PUG COMES TO..AND IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE MASTER--



VERY WELL, YOU WILL HAVE COMPANY IN DEATH-- TAKE THESE TWO TO THE CELLAR!



PUG, AND THE SKULL DOOMED TO DEATH, ARE LED TO THE CELLAR--



MEANWHILE, THE CLOCK FINISHES HIS SEARCH WITHOUT RESULTS---

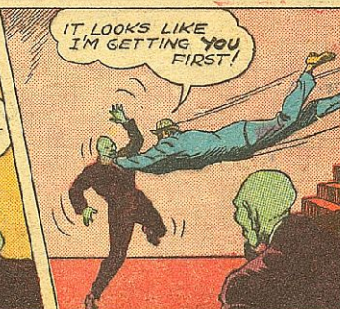
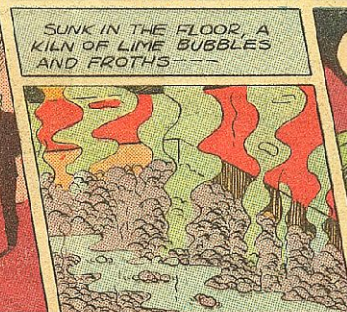
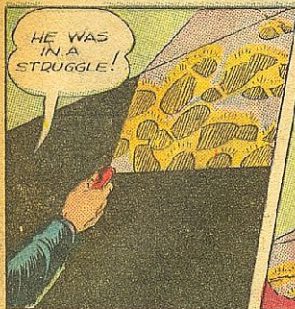


I'LL LOOK ON THE FLOOR BELOW!

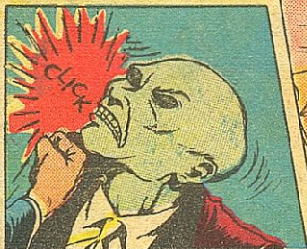


AH! HERE'S HIS FOOTPRINTS--

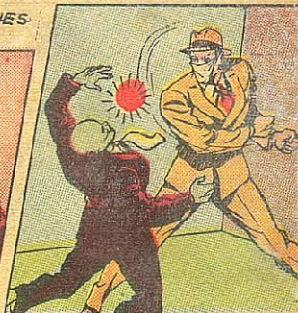




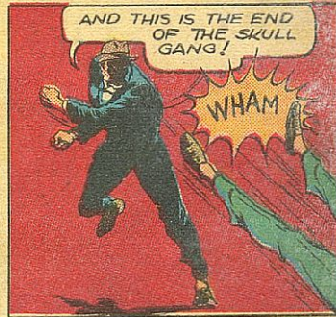
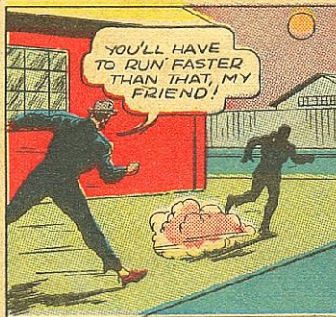
THE CLOCK'S BRUISING
FIST BEGINS TO TAKE ITS
TOLL ---



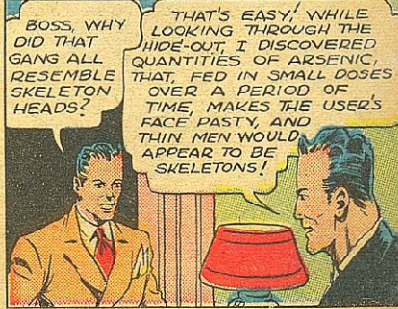
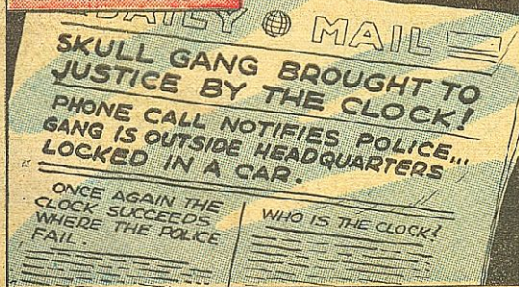
PUG BREAKS HIS BONDS AND RUSHES
INTO THE FIGHT ---

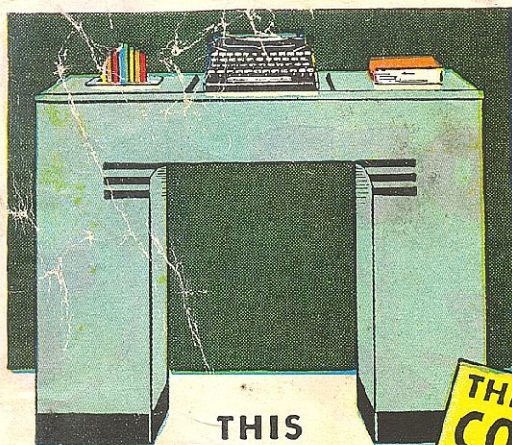


THE HOODED
LEADER TAKES
ADVANTAGE
OF THE
FIGHT
TO ESCAPE -



THE NEXT MORNING -





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DESK** FOR **\$1.00**
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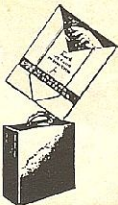
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1000-SHOT

RED RYDER

cowboy

CARBINE

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MY BRAND
ON STOCK!

"Looks just like a real Cowboy Carbine. That's why I'm proud to have my name on its face branded on its stock!"—RED RYDER

16 INCH LEATHER
SADDLE THONG!

"You can hang my carbine on your wall like this . . . or lash it to your bike. Thong comes attached to Carbine Ring at no extra cost, Padner!"

WESTERN
CARBINE
RING!

"The real article, boys! For ridin' the range, I slip a stout 3 foot cord thru the Ring and tie the other end to my saddle-horn, so she can't fall clear to the ground if she slides outta my saddle holster or gets knocked from my hands by a bo'ar!"

SOME SIGHTS!

"It's a Humdinger, Fellars! Raise the Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range—lower it for short. Aim thru small notch for target work . . . large notch for snap-shooting. And say! Daisy made the Front Sight GOLDEN-COLORED to remind you of the Golden West!"

GOLDEN-
BANDED
BARREL!

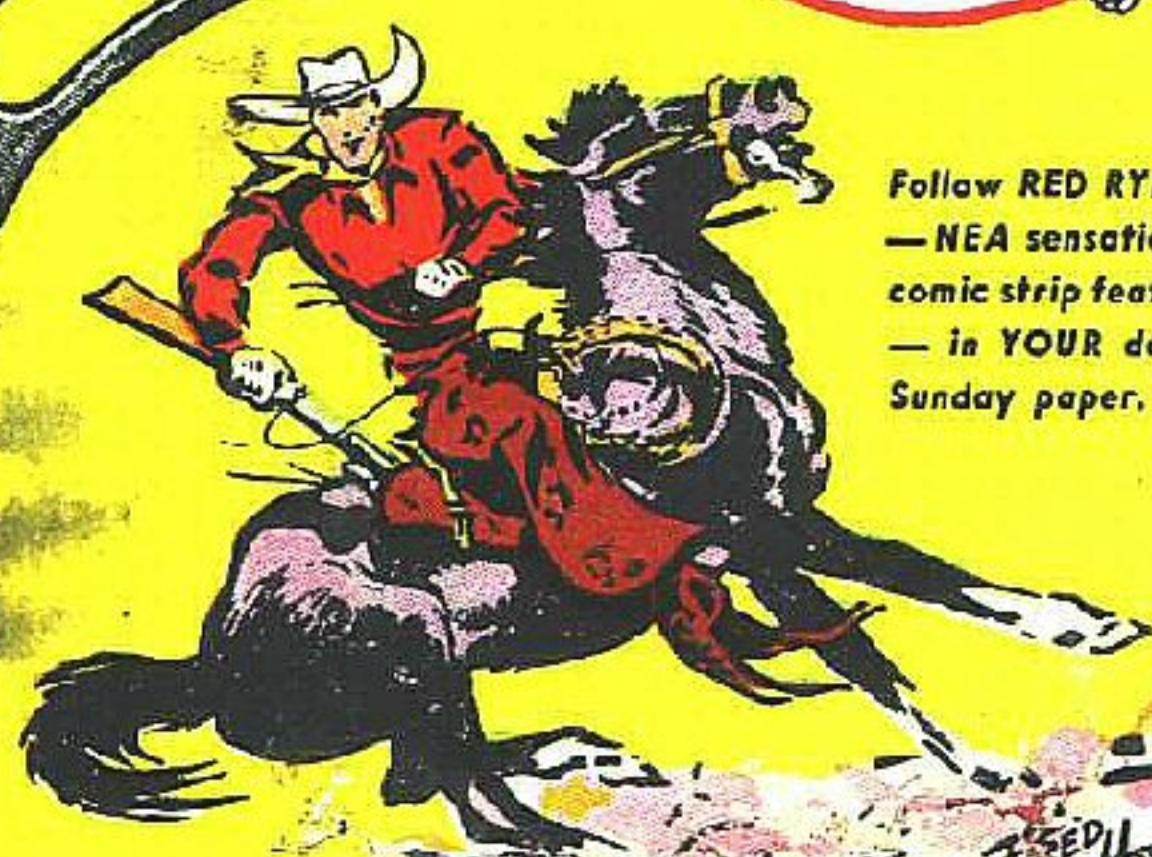
"Those glittery golden-colored bands 'round the muzzle an' fore-piece look mighty purty . . . kinda like the real gold I used to prospect far out West. You'll be proud of 'em!"

CARBINE
STYLE FORE-PIECE!

"Grab this husky, semi-curved, full length hand-hold . . . the wood just 'snugs' into your hand and holds the Carbine steady as a rock!"

LIGHTNING-LOADER
INVENTION!

"Twist the magazine—pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds—then shoot 1000 times without re-loadin' once!"



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Look—buy—and shoot this beautiful new Golden Banded COWBOY Carbine . . . first, 1000-Shot repeater, Lightning-Loader air rifle in Daisy history. Same style of carbine as the ones you see on their saddle out West and in the movies. It's the only Carbine Ring with 16 inch Leather Saddle Thong. The Carbine you after in D.R. R. . . America's favorite . . . that red . . . Hood of the Golden West. . . each marvelous RED RYDER CARBINE feature. Then get yours at your Dealer. (If he is sold out for no Daisy Dealer near you) send us \$2.95 — we'll rush your 1000-Shot RED RYDER CARBINE postpaid! Harry.

IT'S REALLY YOURS
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MY DREAM
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Just like a real Cowboy Carbine. That's why I've got to have my name on it. —RED RYDER



16 INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG!

"You can hang my carbine on your wall like this . . . or lash it to your bike. Thong comes attached to Carbine Ring at no extra cost. Podner!



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"Twist magazine—pour in 1000 . . . in 20 seconds—shoot 1000 times—no need to loadin' once!"



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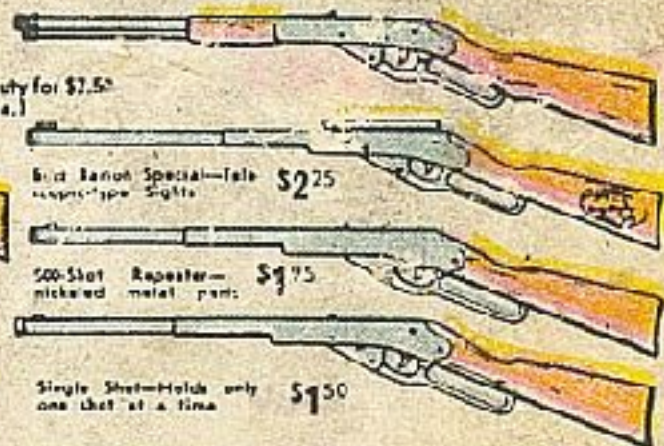


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